PERIODICAL ROOM GENERAL LIBRARY UNIV. OF MICH.

DEC 1 4 193

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION

Incorporating *The Athenæum*

Vol. IV. No. 93 (New Series) **SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1932** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . *Page* 677
PAYING AMERICA 680
THE REWARD OF ABSTINENCE 681
A LONDON DIARY 682
THE BOY WHO DID NOT PLAY THE GAME. By Y.Y. 683
IMPERIALIST AND COMMUNIST 684
DEBTS AND TESTS. By MacFlecknoe . . . 685
CORRESPONDENCE 685
From Sir Louis Mallet; J. G. Jeffreys; Sir Daniel Stevenson; Edward McCurdy: Lord Olivier; Fredk. Willis; Barbara E. Gwyer; Dorothy Woodman.
ENGLISH WIVES IN GERMANY. By Madeleine Kent 688
EDUCATION AND MUSIC. By W. J. Turner . . 689
YOU THAT LOVE ENGLAND. By C. Day Lewis . 690
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . *Page* 691
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Harold Nicolson . . 692
REVIEWS:
The Radical Chamberlain 693
Lonely Adventurers. By H. E. Bates. . . 693
New Novels. By Peter Quennell 694
The Growth of a Critical Mind. By Richard Church 696
Crazy Week. By G. W. Stonier 698
Deflation in Theory. 700
SHORTER NOTICES 702
ABOUT MOTORING 704
PLAYTIME. By Caliban 706
THE WEEK IN THE CITY 708

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The Postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

THE pros and cons of paying and not paying the United States, in the event of the British plea for suspending payment during discussion being rejected, are nicely balanced. We incline to the view which Mr. Neville Chamberlain is said to have urged in the Cabinet, that it would be on the whole better not to pay. The strong argument against paying (apart from the economic considerations) is that Congress is likely to be impervious to argument until met by a *non possumus*, just as the Allies were unwilling to cancel Germany's debt until met by a *non possumus* at Lausanne. But it has now apparently been decided that we shall pay this time if payment is demanded, and since American friendship is of primary importance there is a good case for doing so provided that it is also made clear that this is our last payment. The upshot of the present situation seems likely to be that England will pay and that France, which owes a smaller sum and has a much weaker case for not paying, will refuse—a result more satisfactory to our pride than to our "common sense."

* * *

The struggle to form a new Government in Germany has gone on ceaselessly during the past week. At the time of writing General von Schleicher seems the most likely man for the Chancellorship. If the Nazis would agree to what is called a "winter truce," he could make a show of governing with the Reichstag, though the position would be precarious and it would be odds against his regime lasting for any length of time. But the Nazis are shy of committing themselves. Herr Hitler left Munich on Tuesday, ostensibly to confer with the General in Berlin; but he got out on the way and went to Weimar to confer there with his own lieutenants, who are generally supposed to be against supporting a Schleicher Government. The only remaining alternative seems to be another spell of Herr von Papen, who would be agreeable to President von Hindenburg, but anathema to the country at large. The long deadlock has produced widespread disgust and despondency. Democracy is in the doldrums; but revolutionary counsels offer little hope of salvation in the present economic circumstances and the present temper of parties.

* * *

The Manchurian dispute has been handed over to the Assembly of the League, which will meet in special session next week. Mr. Matsuoka, the Japanese delegate on the Council, put up a strenuous resistance, but he found no backers. He will doubtless persist in his attitude of intransigence; the Japanese Pharaoh has hardened his heart, and no sign of relenting comes from Tokio. Indeed the latest news is the decision to appoint General Muto as Japanese Ambassador to Manchukuo—which is another plain challenge to the world. Meanwhile the British Government will not divulge its intentions. Our policy, said Lord Hailsham in the House of Lords on Tuesday, is not an individual

but a League of Nations policy. That, of course, is a perfectly correct attitude; and we hope that British policy will continue to be a League policy when the crisis comes. But it is very far from correct—it is ludicrously false—to pretend, as is being pretended in some quarters in London, that "a verdict has not been found against Japan by the Lytton Commission." The Commission recognised that Japan had legitimate interests in Manchuria, and proposed methods for safeguarding them. But it condemned her high-handed action; it condemned the tragic farce of Manchukuo; it declared for the withdrawal of her armies and the restoration of China's sovereignty over the Three Provinces. If this is not "a verdict against Japan" the English language has lost its meaning.

* * *

Everyone outside the straitest sect of the Anti-Bolsheviks will welcome the signature of a pact of non-aggression between France and the Soviet Union. Negotiations for this treaty were begun a long time back, but they had hung fire owing to difficulties over arrangements with Poland and Roumania. But a Soviet-Polish pact has now been concluded, and Roumanian fears have been calmed by an undertaking given by Moscow to France. In addition to mutual pledges against armed aggression, the Franco-Soviet pact provides against the boycotting of trade and against subversive propaganda, whether by "Reds" or by the White Russian refugees who are active in Paris. We do not believe these paper prohibitions of agitators are of much use; but the agreement as a whole is good. And it will be better still if it paves the way, as it is expected to, for a commercial treaty between the two countries. Which reminds us that our own agreement with the U.S.S.R. has been denounced. We do not believe, as we have said before in these columns, that the present British Government are quite blind to the value of trade with Russia. But we should like them to be a little more active in putting it on a sound footing. They know how to do that, and they know that the risks are infinitesimal and the advantages great.

* * *

There were some delightful *mots* in the House of Commons debate on disarmament. The mover of a patriotic private member's protest against "unilateral" reductions of the Navy (which no one is at present suggesting) said that the "eclipse" of the British Navy would mean that "our freedom, money and lands would all be gone, and we would return to the serfdom of the Saxons 900 years ago." The encouraging thing was the counter-blast from a body of the younger supporters of the Government who urged the abolition or, failing that, the non-replacement of capital ships of more than 10,000 tons. It is important to note that these words do not imply the replacement of ships of less than 10,000 tons, and that they only restate what Mr. MacDonald himself said in 1930. Mr. MacDonald then argued that in view of the "tremendous cost" and "doubtful utility" of battleships he would favour an agreement which would lead to their total disappearance from the fleets of the world. Unfortunately the present British proposals imply the replacement of battleships. If Mr. MacDonald still holds to his former view (and we have no reason to think that he has altered his mind), and if he will go to Geneva and urge the abolition or non-replacement of all capital ships, he will do the greatest service to the cause of disarmament.

* * *

The first of the crucial subjects at the Round Table Conference was brought forward this week, when Lord Irwin was tactfully chosen to open a discussion on the emergency powers of Governor-Generals and Provincial Governors. The Government is continuing with its policy of including every possible sort of safeguard in order to appease its more reactionary followers. While some of the proposed powers are open to little objection, at least during a transitional period, there are others which are almost certain to cause a dead-lock between the Viceroy and his Ministers. One of these is specially dangerous because it is likely to interfere with India's fiscal and commercial autonomy. It is proposed that the Viceroy should be entrusted with the prevention of commercial discrimination. This throws upon the Viceroy the onus of deciding intricate commercial questions for which he will have no suitable staff to assist him, and which would far better be left to the courts. The Viceroy will have enough to do in preserving the integrity of his own special departments of Defence and External Relations, and acting as mediator between the States and the Federal Government when these come into conflict.

* * *

Mr. Herbert Morrison's Transport Bill is now back again in the House of Commons. But it has been changed into a very different thing from the measure of constructive Socialism which he once proudly acclaimed. Every vestige of political control over the working of the combined undertaking has been expunged. The regulation of charges and other matters confided to the Minister in Mr. Morrison's measure are now transferred to the Railway Rates Tribunal. The appointment of the Board which is to run the combine passes away from the Minister to a number of non-political nominating bodies. It would be difficult to find even a trace of Socialism in the Bill as it now stands. Yet it is still being fought tooth and nail by a substantial number of Conservative back-benchers. Perhaps this is because, if the Bill once becomes law, it will be as easy, by means of an amending Bill, to reinstate Mr. Morrison's socialistic provisions, and even insert something a good deal more socialist, as it is easy to delete these provisions now. The Tory back-benchers fear anything which has the structure of public or semi-public enterprise, however it may be guarded against political interference, because they realise that any form of public corporation may be a halfway house to Socialism. Rather than tolerate such dangers they are prepared to stand put in defence of competitive inefficiency. But it is hardly probable they will get their way.

* * *

Though the dispute between the Anglo-Persian Oil Company and the Persian Government has been going on for a long time, the Persian Government's action in cancelling the Company's concession seems to have taken most people by surprise. It is, however, obviously

no more than a step in the process of bargaining, designed to make the Company less stiff-necked in further negotiation. The Persian Government has plainly declared its willingness to enter into a new agreement. It is now claimed on behalf of the Company that, as the old concession contains no provision for termination, the Persian Government has no right to bring it to an end. It is to be hoped the British Government, which holds a controlling interest in the Anglo-Persian, will do nothing to back up this contention. A concession of an irrevocable kind is not a contract into which any Government could reasonably enter of its own free will, or to which it could reasonably be held. To hold it to such terms would be a plain invasion of its right to shape its economic policy in accordance with considerations of national welfare. In fact, such a concession can be regarded only as a characteristic manifestation of the evil of economic imperialism; and no self-respecting Government would hold itself bound by such terms save under duress. The Anglo-Persian's best policy is not to stand upon the letter of its old unreasonable concession, but to set to work to make a new agreement consistent with the rights and interests of the Persian people.

* * *

Let us hope that the Bank of England's new venture in industrial financing will meet with better success than the ill-fated Lancashire Cotton Corporation. It should do so; for the money is to be spent, not on buying up and trying to put life into derelict businesses, but on building a totally new iron and steel producing plant in the Midlands on the most up-to-date and economical lines. It has been generally admitted for many years past that a large section of British blast furnace equipment is hopelessly out of date, and that provision ought to be made for new vertical production units, combining pig-iron manufacture with steel making, in order to economise on transport charges, secure the maximum economy in the use of fuel, and combine successive processes within the same establishment. It must, of course, be realised that the employment to be afforded by the new works will not be a net addition to the volume of employment. Their construction will probably involve the closing down of a number of existing establishments. Yet it is undeniable that for the moment the tariff, by practically closing the market to ordinary steel imports, does offer an opportunity for some expansion in output for the home market, and in this case it is possible that Ottawa may lead to some increase in orders from the Dominions. The new works will therefore be built under relatively favourable conditions—relatively, that is, to the general stagnation of industry. It should be possible to lower costs of production considerably, if they are efficiently planned and run. We trust that the new venture is only a first step in the long-overdue process of re-organising the British steel industry in accordance with the latest productive technique, and on a sounder business basis as well.

* * *

A number of towns are now taking polls on the Sunday opening of cinemas. In Croydon the Sabbatarians have been signally defeated; there was a majority of more than 10,000 in favour of Sunday films on a total poll of 59,000. The contest was conducted like a miniature general election, and it attracted special notice owing to the part played by the Bishop of Croydon as leader of the "open door" party. It is said that many thousands of pounds have been spent on the campaign, apart from the nice little bill which the ratepayers will have to pay. But the victory will not leave the cinema proprietors free to be as naughty as they like. It is proposed to set up a local censorship committee, consisting of two representatives of religious bodies (the Bishop and the President of the Croydon Free Church Council, so some say), two cinema licensees, and four borough councillors. Whether the Sabbatarians intend to carry the fight into the committee we do not know; they did not appear downhearted after the declaration of the poll. But in any case it will be interesting to see what films this body will consider "suitable for Sunday"—and also whether other towns will copy Croydon's method of guarding the morals and educating the taste of its citizens. The whole business—local option, compulsory contributions to charities, religious censorship and the rest—seems to us a perverse experiment in democracy as well as a childish attempt at compromise between God and Mammon.

* * *

While the cause of disarmament marks time at Geneva, the War Office is busy with army reforms at home. Officers of the Household Cavalry, we understand, are now to wear moustaches—though whether of the Old Bill or the Adolf Hitler type is not yet known. For the infantry the changes proposed aim rather less at beauty than at comfort, and they affect the rank and file and not the officers. The whole uniform is to be reorganised from head to toe. The new model of the British Tommy has been on show in the flesh and in the newspapers. He has a soft "deerstalker" hat, with an embroidered badge; shirt open at the neck (but closeable, we trust, during the ten months of our English winter); a tunic resembling an officer's except that it has a pleat at the back and cuffs which button at the wrist like a shirt; trousers lapping halfway between knee and foot over web leggings. The new equipment is lighter and better arranged than the old, so that a soldier in full marching order may feel less like a human furniture van. But his looks! Gone, is "spit and polish," gone sartorial harmony and the appeal to the young female heart. The comments of the Editor of the *Tailor and Cutter*, which we have seen, are caustic. Those of the adjutants and sergeant-majors of the old school, which we have heard, are unprintable.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS NUMBER

Next week's issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will contain a Christmas Books Supplement. It is hoped to include contributions by David Garnett, G. K. Chesterton, J. M. Keynes, Rose Macaulay, Conrad Noel, Norah Hoult, Rhoda Power, Edgell Rickword, A. E. Coppard, Peter Quennell and R. Ellis Roberts.

In addition to the usual features the issue will contain a special article by Roger Fry; an examination of the case for Scottish Home Rule and an exposition of the proposals, not as yet published in this country, for the internationalisation of civil aviation.

PAYING AMERICA

They stood so still that she quite forgot they were alive, and she was just looking round to see if the word Tweedle was written at the back of each collar, when she was startled by a voice coming from the one marked Dum.

"If you think we're waxworks," he said, "you ought to pay, you know. Waxworks weren't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow."

"Contrariwise," added the one marked Dee, "if you think we're alive you ought to speak."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," was all Alice could say. . . . "I was thinking which is the best way out of this wood: it's getting so dark. Would you tell me, please?"

But the fat little men only looked at each other and grinned.

THAT we are not out of the wood yet is unfortunately all too evident. That America is as deeply in it as we are is no less plain. If it is highly dangerous for Europe that the question of the debts to America should remain unsettled, and the work done at Lausanne threatened with destruction, it need not be imagined that Mr. Hoover as Tweedledum and Mr. Roosevelt as Tweedledee find themselves in any too enviable a position. They act as they are acting because before them is the menace of the crow—the almighty United States Congress, with an awkward temper of its own, and a most inconvenient dislike for the facing of realities. Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt both know—they cannot help knowing—that there is not the smallest chance of Germany resuming payment of reparations, or of Europe keeping up its war debt payments in face of the cessation of receipts from Germany. But they dare not admit this—Mr. Hoover because he knows Congress would turn him down if he did, and Mr. Roosevelt because he has no mind to begin his presidential career with a certain rebuff at the hands of Congress.

Accordingly, notes are being exchanged across the Atlantic in an atmosphere of sheer unreality. Mr. Hoover is not saying what he means; neither is the British Government, nor the French, nor any other. While the nominal argument is about the payments due this month, and the nominal issue merely that of temporary postponement, everyone knows that the real question at issue is that of cancellation. Great Britain, it appears, will, if she is finally pressed, pay the December instalment—at least the interest, if not the principal sum—rather than default just now. France, on the other hand, probably will not pay. She can do so more easily than we, but the French Chamber is likely to prove fully as immovable as the American Congress. Looking to the future, however, it is not politically possible for Great Britain or France, whatever they may do this December, to go on paying further instalments in face of the disappearance of German reparations and the certainty of default by their own European debtors.

That the British Government means, in the last resort, to pay up this present instalment is a sign of its preparedness to spend something on putting the Americans into a good temper for the World Economic Conference and for future negotiations on the question of the debts. It is no sign at all of a willingness to go on paying hereafter. That we alone of all people shall continue to bear these preposterous burdens is a thesis for which no Government of any complexion can hope to gain public acceptance. Unless the Americans speedily change their minds, as the most far-seeing of them have done long ago, we shall default. Let there be no mistake about that. Though we can without serious damage ship gold to meet the present instalment, it is obviously out of the question to go on paying in this way. There is not enough gold, even if we shipped our entire stock to the United states—not nearly enough. There is no other way of paying that would not place upon us an intolerable burden. We could not afford to pay, even if the Americans were to bring down their tariffs much farther than Mr. Roosevelt is likely to bring them down—unless the Americans lent us the money to pay with, and so continued *ad infinitum* to pile up the debt.

It is, however, unprofitable to abuse the American Congress for refusing to admit the disagreeable truth of our inability to pay. Though we can claim that we see more clearly than Congress in this particular matter, we have assuredly no reason to be proud of our own willingness to face such facts as happen to be contrary to our own interests. Like most people, we can see a fact easily enough when it suits us to see it; but we are far better at seeing facts that do suit our book than facts that do not. It is pertinent for the Americans, when we protest our inability to pay, to answer back that Europe still seems to have money to lavish on useless armaments, or that the European nations are doing their best to destroy their own prosperity by senseless and mutually destructive barriers in the way of trade. These criticisms are, indeed, no more than a *tu quoque;* but they are excusably provoked when Europeans begin lecturing the American Congress upon its economic ignorance and obscurantism. We cannot expect the United States to be much impressed when our newspapers argue against paying because it will hurt them more than it will hurt us. Moreover, America can legitimately point out that she, of all the victorious belligerents, came out of the war without annexations or indemnities, and that the whole fantastic tangle of war debt arrangements really started with the attempt of the Allies to extract from Germany an astronomical indemnity.

Mutual recriminations are neither edifying nor useful. The cold fact remains that the war debts, like reparations, will have to go, and that they will be swiftly swept away by revolution or repudiation if they are not to be cancelled by consent. If some payment by us this month will make it easier for the American public to swallow this unpalatable truth, it is worth while to ship some gold, which we do not really need, to America, which obviously needs it far less. It is certainly best to make the payment in gold, if it is to be made at all. It must not, however, be forgotten that the gold is the property, not of the Government, but of the Bank of England, and that accordingly the shipment of it will put the Government in debt to the Bank. If, however, as we presume will be the case, the loss of gold by the Bank is offset by an increase in the fiduciary issue, the Bank will be no loser since it will have as large earning assets as before. Why, then, should the Government pay the Bank for a service which costs it nothing? It will be just for the Bank to lend the money to the Government without interest charge, as a permanent loan for which no provision need be made in the Budget.

All the Bank needs is securities to back the additional issue. They need not be interest-bearing securities. But it is unnecessary to pry further into the mystery of the Bank's financial relation to the Treasury. The point is that we can, if we go about the matter in the right way, ship the gold without either upsetting the Budget or further raiding the Sinking Fund. We cannot, however, in any circumstances, go on paying in the future.

The Americans, whatever their present mood, will have to face the facts in the very near future. Mr. Roosevelt may put off for the moment the assumption of responsibility, but he cannot avoid it for long. The question for the Americans is not whether they are to be paid or not in the future. They will have to realise that the world will not be for ever bound by this intolerable incubus of old indebtedness. It is not a question of Europe's good or bad faith, but of economic realities.

THE REWARD OF ABSTINENCE

ABSTINENCE is a word that has long gone out of favour among the professors of political economy. The spectre which it conjured up of the capitalist starving amid his wealth provoked more ridicule than assent in the minds of ordinary people. But Nassau Senior's term assuredly deserves revival, in a somewhat changed connection, to fit the circumstances of to-day. For, though abstinence was a very bad word for describing the character of the accumulation of capital during the nineteenth century, it appears to fit exactly the policy which we are now being advised in influential quarters to follow as a cure for the depression of trade. Abstinence, enforced by lower wages and reduced unemployment benefits, is being urged upon the working classes as a means of stimulating employment; and, with even greater insistence, abstinence, as a means to reduced taxation, is being urged upon the State and the local authorities as an imperative requirement of the present difficult times. The new abstinence, however, differs very significantly from the earlier process which Senior was endeavouring to describe. He favoured abstaining from present consumption as a means to the accumulation of additional productive power, but our new "economists" advocate it with a supreme disregard for the practical consequences of the retrenchments which they have in mind. Senior thought that there was a shortage of capital in relation to the demands of industry, which needed to be made good by additional saving; to-day no one alleges the existence of any such shortage in relation to the actual demand. There is too much capital, rather than too little, in relation to the profitable outlets for its use. Under-investment, and not under-saving, is the economic problem with which our generation has to deal.

Last year the protagonist of the new "economy" was the May Committee. This year, with a letter changed, it is the Ray Committee set up by the National Government to consider the available means of further retrenchment in the expenditure on locally administered public services. The Ray Committee has not, like the May Committee, covered the whole field. Its report has to be read in conjunction with those of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance, and of the unofficial committees of back-bench Government supporters who have gone well beyond it in the advocacy of public abstinence. The Ray Report is but one chapter in a serial story of crime and disaster which is being published in parts under the ægis of a temporarily triumphant Conservative reaction. It is, however, a specially significant and sensational chapter, because of the clarity with which its recommendations foreshadow the subsequent development of the plot. If this Committee, purporting to be representative of the collective opinion of the local authorities, is allowed to have its way, the social tendencies of a whole generation of moderate reform will be reversed, and our local institutions will revert, if not to the status, at any rate to the state of mind, of a century ago. There is much in the Ray Report, as well as in the phrases of the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance, irresistibly to remind the reader of the mentality of the famous Poor Law reforms of 1834.

The Ray proposals cover a wide field—as wide as the entire scope of the services administered by the local authorities. They include a very large number of separate recommendations of every conceivable degree of importance. This, of course, makes the tasks of their critics harder. The defenders of the opposing thesis must be everywhere to resist an attack launched simultaneously upon so wide a front. Yet there are certain outstanding issues upon which attention had best be concentrated in any general review. While the attack falls upon almost every useful service administered by the local authorities, the chief brunt is to be borne by education—that universal scapegoat—and by the services of housing and public health. If it can be seen clearly what is being proposed in these spheres, it will not be difficult to pass general judgment on the attitude and policy of the Ray Committee.

In the field of education the National Government's attack has been started already on a grand scale. The Hadow programme of reorganisation has been first whittled away, and then slowed down, or in some areas practically suspended, on the plea of economy. Teachers' salaries have been cut, school building drastically restricted, and secondary education singled out for a special onslaught under the intolerable Circular 1421. But now the Ray Committee foreshadows further large economies at the expense of elementary as well as secondary education. These range from the drastic closing of small schools, and the amalgamation of schools, presumably at the cost of destroying the "higher tops" which have been instituted in many areas as a bridge towards universal secondary education, to the reduction of the exiguous grants at present paid in aid of adult classes conducted by voluntary bodies. Most dangerous of all are the proposals to cut down the number of teachers, by increasing the average size of classes in both elementary and secondary schools, and even to go back on the principle of free elementary education by instituting fees in selective central schools conducted under the elementary code. By this method the means test would be enabled to invade elementary as well as secondary education.

In the field of housing the Ray Committee desires to terminate immediately the subsidy under the Wheatley Act of 1924, and to abolish the restrictions on rents laid down in that Act. It wants the local authorities to set to work to sell off the houses now in their possession, at prices not limited by the rents at present charged. It urges an immediate inquiry by all local authorities into the means of tenants, not as a step towards a reduction, but towards an increase in rents. It argues that the fall in building costs has made a continuance of subsidies unnecessary, on the laughable assumption that there has been no corresponding fall in the ability of tenants to afford a given money rent. It wishes further to reduce substantially the rates of subsidy in aid of slum clearance, and it even favours the complete repeal of the Rent Restriction Acts, though this matter falls outside its terms of reference.

The proposals dealing with public health do not lend themselves to summary, and in this field the Committee's hopes of retrenchment seem to rest largely on reducing wages and salaries and cutting down staffs to the bone. There are dangerous plans for "economy" at the expense of the hospitals, of maternity and child welfare centres,

and of the services providing for tuberculosis and mental deficiency. It is also proposed to go back on the long overdue plans for the better provision of "special" schools for abnormal children. In the sphere of public assistance the Committee wants the provision for the able-bodied to be taken entirely out of the hands of the local authorities, and, failing this, demands a stricter adherence to the condition that only actual destitution shall be eligible for relief. In another sphere it finds the present a convenient time for urging further restrictions on the supply of small holdings, the curtailment of land drainage schemes, and the repeal of the Land Utilisation Act of 1931.

Finally, the Committee—backed more emphatically by the corresponding Committee for Scotland—wants a closer control over the borrowing powers of local authorities and a shorter period for the repayment of loans. It desires the general substitution of block for percentage grants, in order to discourage any progressive authority from advancing beyond the minimum standards of service. It proposes to call a halt to all fresh legislation likely to increase the powers and duties of the local administrations.

Taken as a whole, the tendency of this sinister Report is plain enough. It has been devised by men who are opposed, whether by interest or instinct or under the influence of financial panic, to the entire trend of modern social legislation. It is based on the unproved and unexamined assumption that, if public spending is reduced, the sums thus released from taxation will somehow be better spent by their private owners than they would be by the public bodies which forgo them, and will somehow contribute more in that way to business revival. It ignores altogether the probable repercussions of the economies which it proposes either on the purchasing power in the hands of the poorer consumers (after payment of increased school fees, increased rents, and so on) for the purchase of the other means of life, or on the volume of capital investment and employment—in which public provision for housing, slum clearance, roads, and other institutional erection and maintenance play a highly important part. If it were not tragically serious, it could be dismissed as merely naive in the profound ignorance it displays of all the really vital economic issues.

But at any rate the battle is now joined. In certain quarters—even among some of the Government's own supporters—these real issues are beginning to be a little better understood. To urge that to curtail spending may mean, not transferring an equivalent amount of purchasing power to someone else, but actually cancelling purchasing power through the restriction of investment and employment is no longer generally regarded as rank economic heresy. How far this idea has yet penetrated into Mr. Chamberlain's head it is hard to say. Even he is evidently beginning to find himself embarrassed by the over-zealousness of his back-bench supporters in the cause of economy. At all events, there is in the country a very large and rapidly growing body of public opinion—by no means confined to the Labour Party—which will be ready to take up the challenge now flung down to the social policy of the past half-century. It will do this in the confidence that public abstinence in times such as these, so far from making for the restoration of national prosperity, is the surest way of deepening depression, and that the heavy sacrifices which are called for in its name from those least able to bear them are not merely unnecessary, but positively disastrous to the welfare of the public as a whole.

A LONDON DIARY

THE repercussions of Mr. Baldwin's disarmament speech continue in the House of Commons and outside. His urgent repetition of what every pacifist has been saying for years naturally attracted attention. His despair of avoiding war, of course, pleased the militarists. The *Aeroplane* said it was "the greatest speech on disarmament that has ever been delivered." The phrase in which he repudiated any proposal which would weaken the position of this country in the air in relation to other countries "makes the whole speech entirely satisfactory to most of us who realise that not only is the Royal Air Force our first line of defence but that it must be the arrow-head of our attack." After quoting the entire speech, the *Aeroplane* says: "Now, can any man in his senses regard that as being a pacifist speech or even a speech in favour of disarmament on a scale that would be injurious to the British Empire?" But, what neither the *Aeroplane* nor anyone else seems to notice is that Mr. Baldwin's speech was at least in one respect thoroughly ignorant. It is true that the man in the street has not heard much about the various proposals for internationalising civil aviation, but a man in Mr. Baldwin's position should know better than to say that the problem "has never been investigated." It has been very carefully investigated, and detailed proposals are set out in League documents which Mr. Baldwin ought surely to read before he makes a statement of that kind.

* * *

These proposals are soon, I believe, to be fully discussed in this paper. They are not quixotic or impracticable. They are merely the kind of thing that everyone would wish to do, if our society were run by men of foresight (again to quote Mr. Wells) instead of by nationalist politicians. The advantages of internationalising civil aviation from the point of view of disarmament are obvious. Civil aeroplanes would be internationally owned just as *wagons-lits* are today, and national Governments would not be in a position to turn civil aeroplanes into weapons of war. Secondly, we should avoid the danger of new imperialistic disputes which are arising in many parts of the world over the control of strategic points on air-routes. Perhaps the most interesting aspect of these proposals is economic. Our present air services only exist because they are heavily subsidised by Governments for military reasons. It has now been shown that an international service would be far more economical and that there is nothing except national rivalry to prevent a mail service by which a letter posted in any European capital should reach any other capital the following morning. The result of internationalising the air force would be greatly to increase, not decrease, the volume and efficiency of the air service—only the improvement would be for the common advantage of the civil population in every country, not for the military advantage of particularly wealthy nations and Empires.

* * *

There were comic incidents in the "trial" by the General Medical Council of Dr. Burt White. At a party, the complainant stated, the doctor "was very noisy: he usurped the functions of his host, and even had the effrontery to tell someone to go out and buy some more gin." Evidently medical men are now expected to behave with a special degree of gentility. But there is nothing comic about a particularly brilliant young surgeon being struck off the register. There were three charges: laying false charges against other doctors (this was held not to be proved); assaulting a policeman (this was proved, but hardly disqualifies a man as a gynæcologist); maintaining a secret and improper relation with a woman patient. Now there is clearly a case for making adultery with a patient a disqualification, though the absence of any such rule in foreign countries has not, I think, led to much abuse. But the point in this case is that the husband withdrew his proceedings for divorce and in the eyes of the law misconduct has not been proved. The doctor denied the accusation, and it was on what appears inadequate evidence that the Medical Council decided that it had occurred. The doctor, for instance, called his patient "darling"—if everyone nowadays who calls a married woman darling is held to have

misconducted himself with her, the divorce court judges will have a very busy time. For a body of doctors to try a colleague for adultery is not illegal, but it is, I suggest, contrary to the British ideal of justice. The Courts were open to the husband, and if they had found for him no objection could be taken to the action of the B.M.C. But as it was the Council listened to stories of the doctor's bad manners at a cocktail party. Would not the British Medical Council be wiser to refuse to take cognisance of adultery unless it had been either admitted or established by the proper Court ?

* * *

Socialists grow rather tired of hearing the criticism that under Socialism the consumer's wants and interests are necessarily submerged under a mass of bureaucratic red tape. As a consumer living under a capitalist system, I am continually made painfully aware that I am of little account in the scheme of industry, commerce, and finance. There is a tiny little area in London bounded on the west by Grafton Street and St. James's Street, on the south by Pall Mall, on the west and north by Regent Street and Oxford Street, where the consumer is treated as an individual, and where, if you enter a shop, you are made to feel that the one thing of importance in the world is that you should be supplied with exactly the article which you happen to want. But for this you have to pay a price which is impossible for the ordinary consumer, and the only things which I can afford to purchase in this little consumer's paradise are from the tailor and bootmaker, for the high prices are counterbalanced by the fact that you can go on wearing the Bond Street suit or the Jermyn Street boot for ever. Outside this narrow area of rich men's shops, I am continually being taught that the only reason why things are sold is that someone may make a profit. If you are content to buy the thing which is making a large profit for someone, and which everyone is being made to buy at the moment, you are all right, but if you happen to want some particular thing merely because you yourself want it you find the greatest difficulty in obtaining it.

* * *

The other day I saw in Leicester an admirable kind of slipper, but it was a lady's slipper. I went into the shop and asked whether they had it also in men's sizes. The man told me that it was made in men's sizes, but he had none in stock. He very kindly told me the name of the West Country firm which manufactured it. Being one of the few consumers of determination left in this country, I wrote to the manufacturers, sending them the size I required and asking them to supply me with the goods. They replied that they were delighted to hear that I wanted their slippers, and that if I went to a retailer on the other side of London I could purchase from them as they stocked them. My determination still holding out, I journeyed across London, wasting an hour and a half of my not entirely valueless time, entered the boot and shoe department of a gigantic shop which sold everything from crumpets to fire-irons, and asked for my slippers. I was told that they no longer stocked this particular kind of slipper, but they had other kinds. I said that I wanted this kind of slipper and no other. They looked at me in sad astonishment and said that they could get it for me in a few days. I got my slippers in the end, but by that time my original enthusiasm for the slippers had evaporated in irritation. And why? Fundamentally because, in restraint of trade and to ensure profits to the middleman, the manufacturer is not allowed to supply the consumer direct. To the outsider industry and commerce seem to be organised not in order to supply the needs of the consumer but in order that someone may get thirty-three and a third per cent. discount.

* * *

There was a certain lack of unanimity in our evening papers on November 26. At mid-day the posters of two rivals stood side by side. The first said "£ lower still." the second, "The £ stands firm." Later, the third evening paper had it, "£ lowest for twelve years. Final."

* * *

Mr. Baldwin, at Glasgow, as reported by the *Times*:

> The unfortunate thing—and I have no clue to the reason—about America and England is this, that if any American, however obscure, or any American newspaper, however unimportant, or any Englishman, however obscure, or any paper in England, however contemptible, *says something really interesting*, that remark is cabled by somebody, I do not know whom, from one country to the other.

* * *

> No one ha done more for disarmament than the Admiralty. Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell in the House of Commons.

* * *

> Professor Laski at the age of 39 years . . . has written many books on political history and political science, and wrote the autobiography of John Stuart Mill.—Provincial Paper.

CRITIC.

THE BOY WHO DID NOT PLAY THE GAME

MR. HOWARD MARSHALL, at the beginning of his new anthology, *Rugger Stories*, prints the inscription which appears on the commemoration stone in Rugby School Close:

> This Stone
> Commemorates the exploit of
> WILLIAM WEBB ELLIS
> Who with a fine disregard for the rules of football as played in his time
> First took the ball in his arms and ran with it
> Thus originating the distinctive feature of the Rugby game
> A.D. 1823.

This is surely a perilous inscription to set before the eyes of the young. There is nothing on earth more unruly than a schoolboy; yet here, with the approval of his masters, this natural rebel is called on to admire one of the most flagrant acts of indiscipline ever perpetrated at a great public school. When the crime was committed, only eight years had passed since the Battle of Waterloo had been won on the playing fields of Eton, an example of the glorious results of "playing the game." William Webb Ellis, however, belonging to a post-war generation, evidently had the usual post-war generation's contempt for the lessons of the war. Youth was then, as now, in revolt, looking on its elders as a set of imbeciles who had made an unholy mess of things. Nothing was any longer sacred. Not even the laws of football were sacred. If you had said to young Ellis about something he was doing: "It's not cricket," he would probably have laughed at you. If you had talked to him, mentor-wise, about the playing fields of Eton, he would have smiled cynically. Obviously, on the day on which he performed his notorious exploit he was in a recalcitrant mood in which he could not take games seriously. Perhaps he was sick and tired of football, and determined to do something that would result in his being warned off the field for the rest of the term. The records may throw some light on this, but I have not studied them. The one fact that I know is that he committed a crime for which the ordinary player of Association football would be punished to-day, and that he has been glorified ever since for doing so.

This confirms me in my long-held theory that the Englishman is at heart an anarchist. The Englishman loves to imagine himself a model of law and order, a conventional citizen who can always be trusted to do the correct thing. He likes to dress like everybody else, to behave in society like everybody else, to have the same opinions as everybody else. These, however, are a

mere disguise for his almost irresistible impulse towards anarchism. He does not choose his heroes from his more conventionally behaved ancestors, but from the law-breakers and the insubordinate. He makes heroes of Elizabethan buccaneers, whose deeds would shock a Bolshevik. He bids his children admire Drake, who, when he was told that the Spanish Fleet was in sight, was so indifferent to the correct thing in war that he went on with a game of bowls. He lauds as almost a saint Nelson, who believed that England expected everybody except himself to do his duty, and who put a telescope to his blind eye in order that with a good conscience he might be able to disobey the orders of his superiors. A poetess tried to inspire the Englishman with loftier admirations by telling him of a boy who once refused to leave a burning ship rather than commit an act of formal disobedience to his father. But the Englishman has never thought very much of the boy who stood on the burning deck. He has made a jest of him in the music-halls, and if Mr. Baldwin attempted to recite the story of his noble deed in the House of Commons to-day his voice would be drowned in shouts of laughter from Members of all parties. If any Englishman were given the choice of having a son who would behave like Nelson with the telescope or of having a son who would imitate the boy who stood on the burning deck, he would unhesitatingly give his vote for Nelson. In his secret heart the Englishman looks on the law-abiding boy who stood on the burning deck as a valiant little cretin. It is certainly characteristic of the national anarchism that all the gallant boys who played football at Rugby in the first quarter of last century have receded into oblivion except one who, through devilment or ignorance, broke the rules of the game.

One has only to turn to the works of Mr. Kipling in order to see how deep-seated is the anarchistic ideal in the English heart. Mr. Kipling is the prophet and poet of law and order, and is beloved by all the upholders of law and order as the first essential in politics. He has preached law and order to the Irish and the Indians, and has exalted his own race as the great law-giver among nations. Yet what, as a writer of fiction, has he ever done but belaud as heroes law-breakers and scamps of soldiers and schoolboys who laughed at discipline? I always try to cultivate a broad mind, but I must say I understand the point of view of those foreigners who are shocked by the utterly irresponsible behaviour of Mulvaney and his friends when thirst makes them forget their duties as soldiers expected to give a good example to lesser breeds without the law. What must the inhabitants of India have thought of these roaring land-pirates who never rejoiced their creator more than when they smashed their way through Army regulations and the laws of the State without regard to consequences? What, again, of Stalky and his fellows? When *Stalky and Co.* was first published there was an almost universal outcry from schoolmasters, for these three young law-breakers were scamps of exactly the kind that schoolmasters had for generations been trying to suppress. They were imps of mischief, smoking, though this was forbidden—going out of bounds, taking revenge on a master they did not like, refusing to do the correct thing on the playing field, jeering even at a patriotic appeal to the Union Jack. Any parent, having such sons, would feel fairly confident that they were doomed to Borstal. Yet the prophet of law and order holds them up to us as heroes. And the Englishman believes that they are heroes. And so they are.

It may be that the combination of the love of law and the love of lawlessness is, along with the Bible which Queen Victoria presented to a savage chief, the secret of England's greatness. To other races the combination seems paradoxical, even hypocritical; but it may be that in practice it works well. It is arguable that the law-abiding man is a better citizen when he is an anarchist at heart. There is no virtue in being obedient if obedience is easy. Apart from this, excessive law has a numbing effect, as we see in eighteenth-century poetry. We cannot read heroic couplet after heroic couplet, all made in obedience to the same law, without crying out for the coming of a law-breaker. On the other hand, no sooner is the law admirably broken than the breech of the law is somehow incorporated into the law. This happens regularly in poetry, in painting, and in music. The law-breaker becomes a law-maker, and the anarchy of one age is the convention of the next. Hence it may be argued that William Webb Ellis merely did for football what Wordsworth did for verse. If this is so, we may justly regard him, not as a criminal but as a hero. And when, I wonder, will so excellent an anarchist do something as memorable in county cricket? Y.Y.

IMPERIALIST AND COMMUNIST

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT].

PEOPLE apprehensive of another war are apt to view the uncertainties of Russo-Japanese relations with a misgiving which is hard to evaluate with the criterion of facts gleaned from the papers. Too often the "news" consists of a perfunctory paragraph on disturbances round Hailar or somewhere equally remote, or a propaganda suggestion that the failure of the League to kow-tow to Japan may drive her into the Muscovite embrace, or else it is an obvious anti-red ramp published only for its suggestion-value.

It is clear to most people that the capitalistic nations think they would be safe if Russia foundered, and not very hard to see that the elimination of an active undercutting competitor with superabundant supplies of cheap labour would do them no harm. There would be few capitalistic crocodiles to weep over the China markets, if only Russia and Japan could be induced to vanish like the Kilkenny cats and leave the world for others to hustle in.

In these circumstances it is perhaps of value to examine certain points of Russo-Japanese contact, and to deduce from them the general attitude of both countries.

While the Harbin district is one of the obvious friction-points there is great difficulty in assessing the international value of incidents reported therefrom. The White Russians are quite interested in getting the Soviets into trouble, provided always that they can keep out of it. They would prefer Japanese overlordship (plain or Manchu-coloured) but they dare not take sides, for fear of being left with no country for refuge. When a bridge is mined or a sentry shot there is no lack of White Russian evidence of Soviet plots or of Chinese evidence for the machinations of Japan.

And the Japanese authorities, here as elsewhere, are only too ready to accept the title of the St. Patricks to free the East from the insidious menace of communism.

It is not surprising that reliable information should be hard to get from such a place; it is always possible to attribute a raid of unpaid and half-starved "bandits" (who were Chinese soldiers till their command was scattered by Japanese troops) to the boundless influence of "red gold"—always possible, on the other side of the frontier, to find "reactionary" influence in the same phenomenon.

A more definite field is provided by the areas off Kamchatka where the Japanese have purchased fishing rights since the time of the Romanovs, and in which there has been sporadic trouble over a number of years. On June 16th the *Japan Chronicle* reported that a compromise agreement had been reached in Moscow between Mr. Karakhan, Assistant Foreign Commissar, and Mr. Hirota, the Japanese Ambassador. But on July 14th the same paper published a report that a Japanese floating cannery had been fired on by a Russian patrol boat, and soon afterwards the Japanese Agriculture and Forestry Department was informed that 400 Japanese employed by Russian holders of fishing-rights had been

imprisoned by the authorities to force them to put up with the hard conditions resulting from a particularly bad season. Similar episodes have occured from time to time since then.

The explanation of these complex relations is simple enough. The Soviets cannot get enough ships and men to work the share of the fisheries they are desirous of keeping for themselves, and Japanese boats and crews are hired for the purpose, after the fishing grounds have been auctioned at Vladivostock. The right of the Japanese to bid for themselves depends on a convention held at Peking in 1925, then on a treaty signed in January, 1928, after the negotiations of Mr. Joffe in Tokio.

Friction arose very quickly over the Soviet demands for certain standards of labour conditions, and the great trouble caused by the disparity of the rouble exchange. The financial complications introduced by the fall of the rouble and the determination of the authorities to maintain it at a bogus gold value resulted in the closing of the branch of the Bank of Chosen (Korea) established for the management of the business at the February auctions. The collapse of the yen soon after the exchange was fixed has again not improved financial relations,

But far more serious ill-feeling was caused by the peculiar nature of Soviet citizenship; for whereas individual Japanese bid as private individuals representing limited liability companies, the Russian who was about to launch a floating cannery could only bid as an indetachable unit of the Soviets, which for this purpose might be regarded as a company whose liabilities are unlimited. The bids are in any case paid to the Soviets; so that the Russian bidder is merely offering to transfer money from one pocket of the Moscow breeches to the other! In theory at least, it is possible for the Soviet authorities to close the fisheries to outside competitors by running up this Barmecide bidding past the limits of any Japanese company. In the past the Soviets have taken a few of the grounds and the Japanese have protested that it was merely done to exclude them. On the other hand it is suggested that the Japanese canning companies have gone to Vladivostock with an agreement to keep the bidding low, so that the Russians considered themselves bound to put up a false competition in order to get a fair price. Whether this is true or not, it does not lessen the sharp practice, and it is clear that the Soviet authorities hold the cards when it comes to a show-down. The Japanese made a mistake in accepting the unqualified terms of the 1928 treaty (whose renewal, though some years distant, is now being discussed), and unless some rectification is made Kamchatka will be a danger spot in Far Eastern relations.

The Soviets are naturally desirous of keeping a certain number of the lots in Russian hands, but their method of doing so cannot be regarded as wise. The fact that the grounds are not worked by Russian crews leads to bad feeling, supported by tales of the maltreatment of Japanese hired crews. It is true that the life is one of the hardest on earth. Disputes on the high seas over fishing areas are common and violent enough for all the Japanese canneries to carry machine-guns.

It would be a mistake to underrate the gravity of the disturbances on land since the occupation of Manchuria by Japanese troops and the sandy foundation of Manchukuo. Yet when the Manchurian police (how Manchurian is not reported) traced the dynamiting of a Japanese military train to "a secret society of over 3,000 communists," the *Izvestia* attacked such propaganda as an "obsolete and useless weapon." On August 16th the Manchukuo authorities published a quite unfounded report of the movement of Soviet troops beyond Manchuli, and not till a month later did they admit its baselessness. Both *Pravda* and *Izvestia* have repeatedly protested against the "open propaganda for war conducted by a certain portion of the Japanese press."

The Japanese allegations are mitigated to some extent by the very conciliatory attitude of the Soviets in sanctioning the use of the Chinese Eastern Railway for the transport of Japanese troops, and by the unreliability of all reports from the chaotic area where armed peace merges into undeclared war and troops turn bandit at the nod of opportunity. The newspaper reports of a Russo-Japanese pact in exchange for the recognition of Manchukuo can be discounted on two grounds—the adverse statement of the Soviet Consul-General in Mukden and the fact that, unless such a pact prefigured the end of the Manchurian adventure, it would render the occupation quite indefensible on grounds of "security." The importance of the Kamchatka troubles lies in the fact that the friction is unambiguously Russo-Japanese, and that unless it can be allayed there are possibilities of peaceful warfare on the high seas and of the addition of further principles to the new art of fighting without war.

DEBTS AND TESTS

"TO pay or not to pay?"—that is the question
On which the fate of nations turns to-day:
Meanwhile, the press propounds for our digestion
The problem who's to play or not to play.

I know that serious people find it shocking
To think that every placard's theme should be—
While Hoover waits and while our credit's rocking—
Who shall keep wicket for the M.C.C.?

I'm not so sure: I hope for Test sensations
To fan enthusiasm to a flame;
I wish America's whole aspirations
Just now were centred on a baseball game.

For, while the yellower press is filled with versions
Of feats with which the thronged arena rang,
It hasn't so much space to cast aspersions
On "Uncle Shylock" or "The Debtor's Gang";

While did the press lords only feed their readers
Exclusively on "details of the play,"
Our statesmen, in the silence of the "leaders,"
Might—just do business in a business way.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

THE NEUTRALITY OF BELGIUM

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I do not think that the deduction made by Critic in "A London Diary" last week, from Lord Grey's note on Lord Hardinge's minute respecting the neutrality of Belgium, is justified. Lord Hardinge was right in submitting for Lord Grey's consideration the situation with which we should be confronted by an invasion of Belgium by France. No doubt he had in his mind an invasion provoked by a German offensive, but that is not my immediate point. It is the serious misrepresentation of Lord Grey's attitude in the matter which is the concern of all those who know him.

His comment that Lord Hardinge's submission was "to the point," surely cannot be construed as endorsing the view that H.M.G. would do nothing in the event of a violation of Belgian neutrality by France. It certainly only meant that such an eventuality gave food for thought.

As for General Joffre's plans, it is true that an offensive through Belgium was one of them, in the event, of course, of a war provoked by Germany. But it is fair to point out that the President of the French Council, to whom this plan was submitted, agreed that it might be justified only (1) in case of the positive menace of a German invasion of Belgium, and (2) on condition of British consent.

I may add that I entirely agree with Lord Grey in deprecating

publication of departmental minutes which, as in the present case, are open to misinterpretation.

c/o 25 Park Lane, W. LOUIS MALLET.

[Critic writes: "Sir Louis Mallet does not meet my point, which was that Lord Grey, like all the other representatives of sovereign nations, was in a hole. He was perfectly right in saying that Lord Hardinge's minute was to the point, and I remarked that he did his best by persuading the French staff to abandon their hypothetical plans to get out of the difficulty. Lord Grey was much too honest to pretend that we should honour an obligation and fight if France were to invade Belgium. Does Sir Louis Mallet think we should have done so? We were parties to an Entente directed against Germany, just as much as the Triple Alliance was directed against us. Therefore, a German invasion of Belgium would be a *casus belli*. A French one would not. Sacred obligations and all the rest of it were only for public consumption."—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I thank "Critic" for his remarks of last week on the question of the Treaty with Belgium, and the statement referring to this contained in *The Memoirs of General Joffre?* At last we are getting at the real truth, and perhaps it will help in the cause of future peace if these facts are brought out with all their hypocrisies.

I well remember how the cry "For the honour of Belgium" went up at the beginning of the war, and it was because of this that thousands of men enlisted, and died! And now it is clearly stated in the Joffre Memoirs that the French staff had seriously considered doing exactly what the Germans did, long before the war began, but that they abandoned this move after pressure had been brought to bear by us. Perhaps these amazing and damning statements will help thinking people to see that the end for which the League of Nations is working is really worth while, after all!

Ottershaw College, Surrey. J. G. JEFFREYS.

SCOTTISH HOME RULE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of November 19th, you say: "Sympathetic as we generally are with nations struggling to be free we cannot muster up any enthusiasm for the cause of Scottish Home Rule . . . and we are not surprised to see that an influential body of Scots has been formed to combat it." The influential body in question is headed by my old friend, Lord Maclay, who earned golden opinions for his efficient work as Shipping Controller during the war, but he and most of the other signatories of his manifesto have had little practical experience of local government work and of the waste of money, time and energy from which Scotland suffers through centralisation in London.

The local self-government which Scottish Liberals have demanded for the last fifty years, and for which they have had the support of all moderate Home Rulers of all parties, has nothing to do with the "cut the painter" policy with regard to England and the Empire which Lord Maclay and his friends denounce. In fact, he has set up an "Aunt Sally" of his own creation and taken a deal of trouble to knock it down. What we have all along wanted and what Lord Maclay was believed to want and certainly acquiesced in as a leader of the Liberal Party was the local self-government defined again and again, and particularly in the report of the special committee of the Scottish Liberal Federation submitted to the Annual Autumn Conference at Stirling in 1924 and re-affirmed several times since—notably at the Annual Autumn Conference at Perth last month. The speeches of the Duke of Montrose and Sir Alexander MacEwen at the meeting in Glasgow on September 14th were on the same lines.

Lord Maclay says nothing about the needless waste resulting from the present centralisation in London. He speaks of "the railways of the two countries as now one vast system and indivisible." This he thinks "all to the good." I do not know a single Scottish trader who agrees with him. The system was forced upon us, with the disastrous results well known to traders—not to mention the loss of employment in connection with works and depots closed down and transferred to England, and the loss to local tradesmen dependent on them. He mentions the great industrial trades of Scotland largely dependent on English orders, also the great Scottish shipbuilding yards and engineering shops. Surely he does not imagine that these orders come north for any other reason than that the buyers get in Scotland the best value for their money? And, of course, it is for the same reason that orders for ships and engines come to Scotland from all parts of the world.

Personally, I have been in favour of Home Rule since ever I could think out the subject, and was naturally an ardent supporter of Mr. Gladstone when in the early 'eighties he told us that the secret of good government was devolution. It was in 1885, I think, that he advocated county boards and a central board for Ireland. His Cabinet was divided; all the Peers except Lord Granville were against it; all the Commoners, except Lord Hartington, were for it. As the Cabinet broke up Gladstone said: "They will rue this day; they will yet be repenting in sackcloth and ashes." Most of them have repented, and it is generally admitted now that if the '85 proposals had become law, and still more if those of '86 had not been rejected, we would have been spared the horrors from which Ireland has since suffered and is suffering, and we would still have been a United Kingdom.

Scotland is more patient, but a time comes when patience ceases to be a virtue. Local government has been promised us many times by House of Commons majorities, but practically nothing has been done to fulfil the promises; hence the agitation of extremists. Can we not take a lesson from what has happened across the Irish Sea?

It is true that we got a sop in 1899 in the form of the Private Legislation Procedure Act; it provided that Commissions would sit when necessary twice a year in Scotland, but either it has been found difficult to arrange dates mutually convenient for Members of Parliament and local authorities, or the latter have considered it preferable to have their cases heard in London, the relatively small saving of expense being, in their opinion, outweighed by other considerations. Anyhow, hearings in London are still frequent, and the enormous waste goes on of money, time and energy which might be directed into useful channels. I was told that in connection with the electric scheme crowds of landlords from Galloway and Ayrshire were put to the expense of attending before the Lords and Commons Committees at Westminster; even the millers on the Doon had all the expense of engaging counsel, witnesses, etc., to secure the necessary compensation water for their mills. Many similar cases happened during my twenty-two years in the Town Council of Glasgow.

The Acts of 1928–29 were supposed to mend matters, but they became known as the Derating Acts, and attention was largely concentrated on derating—a muddleheaded method of robbing Peter to pay Paul—the serious local government alterations being largely overlooked. I am told that the new system has resulted in less efficiency and at least three times the former expenditure.

I trust that by inserting the above you will allow me to make clear to your readers what Scotland really wants.

You cannot but be sympathetic in view of the closing lines of your paragraph: "The Imperial Parliament and the Cabinet are overloaded with work; the local authorities are cramped and thwarted, as well as ill-adjusted to the services they have to perform. A reorganisation of functions and a devolution of powers are urgently called for."

Glasgow. D. M. STEVENSON.

[This letter was unavoidably held over from last week's issue —ED. *N. S. & N.*]

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In a note in your issue of November 19th you seem to fail to do justice to the case for Scottish Home Rule, by which I mean the creation of a legislative body to enable Scotland to govern her own domestic affairs. That this would be for the advantage of Scotland can hardly be denied. The present condition of affairs was described succinctly in a letter by the Duke of Montrose in the *Times* of November 14th:

> Industry is leaving Scotland and drifting south. Agriculture is in a deplorable condition, and people are deserting the glens faster than ever. Unemployment is rife—30 per cent. worse than in England. Housing and other social conditions are bad. Local government requires overhaul. Economy and more efficient administration are urgently needed—yet we cannot get the time or means to deal with these things. Two days were allotted to Scottish

business in Westminster last year, and one was Derby day. How can anyone suppose that is sufficient or proper in these days?

Lord Wolverhampton once said in a memorable speech in the House of Commons that every member of that House was a member for India. When Scotland surrendered her legislative independence under the terms of the Act of Union of 1707 a similar responsibility devolved upon each member of the assembly. The rapid depopulation of the Highlands, the decrease amounting to 68,446 persons in the last fifty years, the deliberate destruction of homesteads and increase of deer forests, the rendering of parts of the country inaccessible to the tourist by the closing of inns, the danger to racial integrity that results from the unrestricted immigration of the Irish in the south-west, the accentuation of unemployment through the closing of the only Scottish naval dockyard, and the transference south of railway work, are some of the problems which merit attention, and do not receive it under present conditions. How can they in two days of Parliamentary time?

"The only thing," says the Duke of Montrose, "that will save Scotland as an industrial nation is intensive development, activity in public departments, and the service of the best brains. We will never get these things until we have the control of our domestic affairs in Scotland."

The present system of administration is not economical, *e.g.*, the Scottish Educational Department has two staffs—one in Edinburgh of 96 and one in London of 68. I have been asked whether if Scotland had Home Rule Scotsmen would go back there. Undoubtedly decentralisation would stimulate that process. The openings for ambition would not then lie within so circumscribed an area.

The Conservative party machine has, I understand, declared its hostility to any form of Scottish self-government. This is not surprising; for any form of government more responsive to Scottish opinion could hardly suffer the land laws to remain as they are. What does surprise me is that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should be at all adverse to the idea.

EDWARD MCCURDY.

[We are not, and said we were not, in the least adverse to decentralisation, and agree that there are grievances to be remedied. We hope in the near future to examine the case for Scottish Home Rule in some detail.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

NATIVE JUSTICE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Dr. Norman Leys' letter on "Native Justice" reminds me of an incident of judicial history in Jamaica, a few months anterior to the local outbreak commonly spoken of as the "Jamaica Rebellion" of 1865. That event Governor Eyre officially attributed to the dissemination of a letter written by Dr. E. B. Underhill, the Secretary of the (British) Baptist Association, calling attention to the excessive taxation falling on the Island negroes and to other grievances which were ventilated by G. W. Gordon, who was subsequently hanged for so doing.

Eyre represented that in consequence of this agitation the Island "had long been seething with sedition," and that he had been asked to send soldiers into two of the country parishes to keep the peace. The "sedition" referred to in one of these parishes, as the facts were elicited by the Commission of Inquiry, took shape as follows (I quote a witness):

> A leading proprietor and magistrate owned a spring of water near the boundary of his estate, to which negroes who had been slaves on an adjoining property claimed right of access, which he resisted. Summonses for trespass and litigation in the Magistrates' Court ensued. During the course of the dispute he, with several of his friends, lay in ambush one night near the spring and fired gunshots at several men who came to get water. One man was crippled for life. Great excitement ensued, and such utterances were reported as: "If we can't get justice it shall be shoot for shoot." The magistrate was tried for feloniously shooting and was acquitted, contrary to the plainest evidence. While the trial was impending the solicitor for the defence wrote to the Island Secretary: "With the present jury system [i.e., one of white planter juries] whatever may be the evidence, it is anticipated, and I concur in the opinion, that an acquittal will be the result, upon which it is not unlikely that a popular outbreak will occur."

I well remember Mr. Wellesley Bourke, the solicitor in question, in his later life. He was a gentleman of great shrewdness and humour, and I feel sure his Irish eye must have twinkled when he so considerately wrote to the Government to warn them that his client was going to be unjustly acquitted and that they had better prepare for a row.

Africans in these matters are logical thinkers, and not wholly devoid of practical kick. They intensely respect law and justice. But if white civilisation imposes on them a system of justice which works as the Jamaica system was working in 1865, and as the Kenya system has worked in this and some previous instances, then the Kenya Government may confidently expect soon to be getting such warnings from shrewd observers as Mr. Bourke gave (unheeded) to Governor Eyre, and to hear of talk about "shoot for shoot"—if not of manifestations of that simpler judicial procedure.

The "Jamaica Rebellion" was produced, among a most peaceful and inoffensive people, by no other causes than judicial iniquities of the character recorded by Dr. Leys.

Exmouth. OLIVIER.

WORK OR MAINTENANCE?

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Some people regard the father of a large family as a public benefactor in time of war, but a public nuisance in time of economic stress. Your correspondent who revives the theory that a person born without official permit has no claim upon the State may be one of them. In any case, he will be pleased to know that in Fiji the father of a too numerous family is punished by being jumped upon by his wife's relations.

In a world capable of supporting all its inhabitants, birth control is more a hygienic than an economic need. The last hundred years have demonstrated that nature, plus human ingenuity, can make ample provision for the earth's population; therefore, before we jump upon prolific fathers, let us make sure that most of our present destitution is not due to our own mismanagement.

It is not our "system" which has failed, but our lack of system. By its deliberate waste of man power, the source of all wealth, and by its inability to make adequate provision for surplus workers, despite enormous taxation, our precious "system" has condemned itself.

8 Redbourne Avenue, N.3. FREDK. WILLIS.

THE NEW REVIVALISM

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Though not an adherent of the Group Movement, invitations have reached me from time to time to meetings in Oxford; and at no meeting which I have thus attended as a listener have confessions of sexual wrong-doing been made. This suggestion, which used to be commonly heard, and recurs in your article of last week, I believe to be an unjust one. The "sharings," indeed, were almost pathetically trivial and childish, though on the part of younger members of the assembly an unconscious (and very natural) tendency to romanticise and exaggerate the evils of the past now renounced was evident at the same time.

It is, however, impossible for persons experienced in the work of education to view certain results of the Movement without serious disquiet. Adherents appear to lose not the wish only but the power to take personal responsibility for those decisions in the conduct of life which it is the duty of all who have come to years of discretion to settle for themselves. Thus, on the one hand, the true development of character is arrested; on the other, to the ambitious or self-duped an almost unlimited field of irresponsible influence is opened up. Few things can be more dangerous than this interference with their lives, to which "team guidance" (as it is called) may expose the simple-minded and unwary. Its results, in the development of other types of character, can be imagined without difficulty.

Another questionable feature, to which I have not yet seen attention drawn, is the colossal amount of money which is being raised and spent every year in the interests of the Movement, and—in the absence of "organisation"—without published accounts of any kind. "Teams" of propagandists, many without any visible means of subsistence other than group funds, are being transported across oceans and continents, moving on from one well-appointed hotel to another, or occupying on similar conditions permanent quarters in furnished houses and hotels placed at their disposal; the most luxurious of stationery is constantly in evidence; "house-parties," luncheons, and At

Homes, seem to be almost unlimited in number. In the boasted refusal to "organise," once again it is impossible not to see a dangerous concentration of *potestas* in unknown hands, against which the history of former religious movements should have provided ample warning.

The leaders of the Movement have every reason, in their conviction of infallible guidance from above, to be impervious to criticism; and while this collective superstition remains rampant, not only is reform unlikely, but fanaticism must almost inevitably grow. *For Sinners Only* certainly represents the most futile side of the present revival. The disappointing thing is that men and women to whom its tone and teaching must be as abhorrent as to Mr. Roberts himself have yet so far identified themselves with its begetters as (apparently) to be unable to bring any effective influence to bear against the tendencies and practices it exalts. If these, in fact, embody the ideal now being held up to vast numbers of young and undeveloped characters, yet one more addition to the lamentable roll of religious scandals would seem to be only a question of time.

St. Hugh's College, Oxford. BARBARA E. GWYER.

THE TRAFFIC IN ARMS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I believe it was Mr. Justice Stareleigh in *Pickwick Papers* who remarked, "What the soldier said is not evidence." One reason for this was not perhaps so much because he was a soldier, (although doubtless this fact may have been in Dickens' mind), but because the evidence was of a hearsay character. Apparently we may take the same line with regard to General Morgan's uninformed opinions on the work of the Union of Democratic Control. One of the elementary points both in legal and military training is to obtain accurate information of the enemy's movements. This General Morgan declines to do, but indulges in vituperative abuse of an organisation one of whose "brightest and most meretricious ornaments" during the war was the present Prime Minister.

The "defeatist" attitude during the war, so condemned by General Morgan, is now proved to have been the right one, and the more intelligent statesmen of the world are expressing to-day those views which were put forward by Sir Norman Angell, Lord Ponsonby, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Mr. J. A. Hobson, the late E. D. Morel, and many other "ornaments" of the U.D.C., both during and after the war.

I have sent a copy of *The Secret International* to General Morgan. He may not find entertainment in it, but he will find abundant information to prove the correctness of the remarks made by "Critic" to the effect that the supply of armaments creates a demand, and that the private manufacture of arms is one of the obstacles to Disarmament. DOROTHY WOODMAN.

The Union of Democratic Control,
34 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

Miscellany

ENGLISH WIVES IN GERMANY

BUT for the milkman, I might still be living within a stone's throw of Frau A. without suspecting that even in this remote suburb of Dresden there was another English wife.

But my Saxon milkman, like the milkmen of England, is the good shepherd of his customers, always ready with information of daily helps and washerwomen and the first to bring news of the new baby or the removal in the next street. It was because of my distressing inability to comprehend his daily bulletin that he bethought himself of a way of ending my unnatural isolation. "Would the gracious lady permit him to give her address to another English lady —*eine sehr nette Frau*—living so near. Then she would hear all the news and have more *Lust am Leben*." His blue eyes were so anxious that I would have agreed to a far less attractive proposal.

The next morning he was jubilant. The other lady would call on me and bring many flowers, for she was the wife of a nurseryman.

When I opened the door to Frau A., I saw a worn, thin, elderly woman, typically English in face and voice, who, if she did not exactly say, "Mr. Livingstone, I presume?" did give the impression of friend meeting friend in a foreign desert. But after a few minutes, the careful English began to halt, German words crept in, and I saw a face changing before my eyes from one racial type to another. It was a startling experience. The woman who entered my door had a prim, anæmic mouth and the timid, deprecating eyes of the refined lower-class Englishwoman whose life has been hard and colourless. Now, as she talked of her twenty-six years in Germany, of the seven children she had borne her husband, of the war, the Inflation, and the bankruptcy that followed the loss of all their plants in the bitter spring of 1929, the lines of the face grew harsh and emphatic, the eyes heavy with experience, and the folds round the mouth Teutonic in their severity.

"No, I have not been back to England for twenty years," she was saying. "That surprises you, hein? But, ach, we have had so much trouble, heavy trouble. The time before the war—*ja, das war gut*—they were good years in Germany. Plenty of food, much business, people joyous and good-hearted. Only, then there was my mother-in-law. Nothing I did was right for her. My cooking was no good—it was not German. My language—she could make nothing of it—why did I not talk German? Yet herself she would teach me nothing. At last it got so bad I was ill. My husband saw it and we went to another place. And then I got a book and I studied. I taught myself German, and I learnt German cookery, and when she came to visit us"—here a flash of English spirit lit up the worn face—"I tell you she was surprised. She found nothing any more to complain of. But she was never kind to me, and now my married daughter, she make the same experience with *her* mother-in-law. Ach, they are hard, these German women. It is because they were kept down so much in youth.

"The war? Yes, for me it was terrible. I"—she struggled for expression a moment and then the right English phrase came back to her—"I got it in the neck. They took my *Mann*. I got no more any letters from home. The children suffered because of me. Other boys threw stones at them. And when the hunger came, I could get food only when all others had been served. The two youngest became so weak that when my husband saw them once when he was on leave, he said: 'Never shall I see these children again. They will not live till I return.' But no, they did not die. I got help from the school authorities. Yes, many were kind to me. It was only the children who tormented each other. So natural, don't you think?"

The sudden Anglicism came so aptly as Frau A. paused to sip gratefully a cup of English tea that for a moment the Saxon *Hausfrau* was again the exiled native of Hampton Wick. Evidently, to her also there came a sense of incongruity, for she exclaimed: "Do you know, it was through a cup of tea that I met my husband. He worked in a nursery opposite my home. He worked so hard, and the days were so hot that one afternoon I said to my sister—just for a lark, you know—'I'll take that poor young man a cup of tea.' And that's how it all came about."

Later I had from Herr A. a version of the courtship as characteristically German as his wife's was English. "Ze cup of tea!" he laughed. "Zat var nuzzing. I enjoyed it, yes. But I had already determined. Look you, I work opposite a row of houses. I start early—five o'clock in ze morning, sometimes four. And I watch ze houses to see which girl get her fire going first. My wife, she always had her smoke rising before all ozzers. And I say to myself: 'Zat girl I will have.'"

Alas, that there is no reward for good habits in a world out of joint! The result is that Frau A., cheated so often of the longed-for trip to England, is coming to take life more and more heavily, superimposing Teutonic portentousness on her native resignation. She has not yet reached the stage of another countrywoman, a professor's wife, who speaks of "we Saxons" and scorns everything English from our political compromises to our seed cake. But she has lost, if indeed she ever had it, the Bank Holiday spirit with which Frau B., despite her fifteen years on this side, withstands the impact of an alien culture. The first time I met her, at one of Frau A.'s pseudo-English tea-parties, it seemed that the breeze of her belated arrival brought the very tang of her native Poplar into an atmosphere flat for want of that heady mingling of spice and brine.

"Well," she exclaimed, "how are we all? Still alive and kicking in spite of the *Notverordnung* (Emergency Decree) *and* the German Christmas? My, how Christmas over here gets me down. Year after year it's the same. I cried all Christmas Day and all Boxing Day till my hubby said if I cried any more I'd have enough water to swim to England. Not that I want my mother or any of that splosh. I just want to walk down the Mile End Road again and hear somebody say, 'Cheerio.' All this sob-stuff—*Heilige Nacht* and the rest of it! I won't stand for it. Sometimes when they come round me, all so sclemn, I just feel I shall explode. I'd give anything to really shock 'em all for once."

The bright bird-like eyes were quick to see the thought in our minds. "You think I must be doing it all the time, eh? Oh no, not what I call explode. Why, a woman daren't do it in this country. If you're natural with 'em and say out what you think, the men get fresh. Can't understand a woman with any go in her, I suppose. Think we must all be sacrificing machines like *their* women. Sacrifice! Sheer bad upbringing, I call it. Why, what do you think happened last week? My boy's schoolmaster sent for me. 'Now what does the old guy want?' I said. However, I popped along. 'Are you the mother of Teddy?' says he. 'Yes,' says I. 'I am very sorry,' says he. '*Warum?*' says I, bridling up. 'I am sorry,' says he, 'that you send him to school with dirty shoes.' 'Oh, the young scamp,' says I. 'Tell him to clean them.' 'It is *your* duty to clean them,' says he, very solemn. '*What!*' says I. 'Am I my son's servant? And him a big fellow going on for fifteen. If you'd teach him to clean his mother's shoes, that'd be what I call education.'"

But this was too much for the better-acclimatised Frau A. "It doesn't do for us women to be lazy," she ventured.

"Lazy!" Every taut fibre in the little Cockney repudiated the suggestion. "Why, I can beat any German woman for work *when* the spirit moves me. But a slave is what I won't be. And, what's more, my hubby wouldn't have it. No, there's no flies on *my* husband. You may take it from me, it's the women's own fault if they have a hard time. It's not the men what keep them down. Why, a German man, if you take him the right way, is as soft as putty. Believe anything they will, and *do* anything, once they find out you won't despise 'em for it. Make you laugh it would, to see my hubby cleaning the windows by candlelight. And why? Just because he thinks the other women in the street would laugh at him for it. They would, too, bad luck to them. When my mother-in-law came and found him bringing me my early cup of tea before he went to work, she tried to put a stop to it. 'I will take it if she *must* have it,' says she. 'No, thank you,' I said. 'It's not the tea I want. It's the *Liebesdienst* (love-service). Perhaps you've never heard of chivalry,' I said, 'but we set a lot of store by it in my country.'"

Thus gallantly, albeit a trifle desperately, does Frau B. nail her colours to the mast. Indeed, I have only met one countrywoman who remains calmly and exquisitely herself, untouched and unperturbed by the forces of environment. She has been here longer than any of us, for she is eighty-five. But, as the milkman said when, encouraged by his initial success, he suggested my calling on her, "but she is a *Baronin*." Undeterred by this barrier of caste, I did present my card and she bore with commendable equanimity the odd medium of our acquaintance.

"I was just having a read at the *Spectator*," said the cool, clear voice in swift avoidance of a subject embarrassing to her guest. "Why yes, naturally, I keep in touch with home affairs as far as I am able. London, I presume, is as noisy as ever. I was last there in '23. My farewell visit, I suspect, though but for my weak knee I should make little of the journey. . . . The war? Well, of course, in this retired spot (the hill-country outside Dresden) we were not much affected, though one heard the bells ringing when there was a victory." A shade of disquiet troubled for a moment the smooth parchment of the aged features, but again she steered deftly into calmer waters. "The most embarrassing thing was the shortage of thread in the last year or so. One could no longer mend stockings, and the dressmaker, I remember, used to add to her bill a special charge for the number of yards of thread required. Material, too, was hard to come by. If anyone appeared in a new gown, it was almost certain that the drawing-room curtains had been dyed and cut up to make it. Yes, they were strange years, and even stranger are to follow they tell me. I am not sorry my time is nearly done."

I rose then, fearing she was fatigued, but her farewell was gracious. "It has been a pleasure to have this little crack. You must come again, if you have the time for an old woman. Tea is always at four o'clock. But I must excuse myself from calling on you. My foolish knee, you know."

English colonies abroad are said to be watertight in their exclusiveness. To those who have found them so I can only say: "Cultivate your milkman."

MADELEINE KENT.

EDUCATION AND MUSIC

I HAVE received several letters asking me to explain more fully my statement made when writing a fortnight ago about Vernon Lee's *Music and its Lovers*, that "culture has nothing whatever to do with art, and if not inimical or hostile to art is at least quite alien to it." Expressed so baldly it may seem absurd; but is it not true that every enlightened educationist has been sooner or later forced to doubt whether artistic education in any real sense is possible? There is an admirable article entitled "Enlightened Education" in the last number of the new quarterly review *Scrutiny*. I commend this to everybody interested in the subject, and incidentally I may give my opinion for what it is worth that *Scrutiny* is the most intelligent literary periodical I know of, and I hasten to recommend it before it is extinct, because it is much too good to live long. I mean this quite seriously.

I should say that the basic error that vitiates all cultural education is the idea that everybody ought to have the same standard or kind of culture. Now I will admit that society is here between the devil and the deep sea. If there is not a certain general standard of culture, then communication between the artist and the public, or between members of society, one with another, is impossible. If, on the other hand, there is a common universal culture forced upon every member of society, the potential artist (who is the creator of new values) may be damaged or destroyed. If he is strong enough, and perhaps lucky enough, to survive the mass culture imposed on him, he will find himself without an audience—which is only another way of destroying him. In the past it was the huge reservoir of naive uncultured people who provided the creative artist with his audience. The cultured, sophisticated and academic were and are always to be found united against him.

The practical difficulty, then, is to find the middle way between freedom and form, and to try to rear every generation with a large proportion of undirected rather than misdirected minds. We in England owe our political progress to the fact that there is and always has been a very large section of the electorate which swings over from party to party at each election. These may be described as the politically uncultured, for they have not been impressed with a firm Liberal, Conservative, Labour, Socialist or Communist stamp. They are just sensibly ignorant and they don't quite know what they like or why they like it. But they possess what the fixed partisans, the academic doctrinaires, never possess—political instinct. Similarly there is, and always ought to be, a large mass of culturally ignorant people—people who, if they have been to universities or educational institutions, never properly grasped what they were being taught. These people are the only public for the artist, because they alone are open to fresh impressions, they alone have no *a priori* conception of what good art is or ought to be. This does not mean that such people are either stupid or without direction. It only means that they still retain those instincts which so many of us lose after childhood, and that they have not become completely formulated into a set of ideas, prejudices and reactions which have become more or less automatic.

I, personally, would go much farther. I am not anxious to see England become a musical nation in the sense that everybody should be educated to appreciate music. In the first place, it is not possible, for such wholesale appreciation can only be a sham; and, in the second place, in a truly enlightened and highly developed society every person's appreciation would be individual in kind, scope and degree. Appreciation can never be taught, and all attempts to teach it are injurious. The young should be trained in a practical discipline and they should be taught music as they should be taught swimming or tennis or dancing. That is to say, taught a strict discipline of mind and body directed towards simplicity and correctness. I would have every child taught either to sing or play some musical instrument up to the age of eighteen, merely as a technique like mathematics or swimming. At the age of eighteen all teaching should stop, and those who have any power of understanding the art of music should be left to find it out for themselves. This would involve no playing of the great masters to or by students. Up to the age of eighteen nobody should hear any music by Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Handel or Haydn, and no operas by Verdi, Purcell, Monteverde, Rossini, Scarlatti—in fact, no music by any old master. Nothing could be more ridiculous, for example, than giving Mozart's sonatas to schoolchildren, or allowing anybody under the age of eighteen to read a line by Shakespeare, Milton, or any great poet of the past.

Education should be technical and scholastic and after the whole tonal structure was thoroughly understood and students could play exercises in all the scales and learn and read and transpose at sight, they should be given *the music of their contemporaries*. It is Stravinsky, Schönberg, Prokovieff, Elgar, Sibelius, etc., etc., whose music should be given to students in schools and colleges, not the music of Beethoven, Mozart, etc. The same applies to literature. It is an outrage on Shakespeare and all the great writers of the past to give their works as part of a school curriculum. Only contemporary music and literature should be used for educational purposes, because what is necessary to be taught is the technique only. It is the grammar, syntax and vocabulary of music and literature that form the matter of education, and it is self-evident that these can be best taught from contemporary works because they sum up, as it were, all the technique of the past.

Then, to the adult, there will lie open the fields of all great art and it will be possible to receive and enjoy according to one's capacity. It is obviously the business of the highest professional talent to present to this audience the works of the great masters, whether they be the plays of Shakespeare or the sonatas of Beethoven. This is not a job for schoolmasters. Under our present system we have so little real professional talent available that we mostly have to go without hearing the plays of Shakespeare or the sonatas of Beethoven. It needs a great musician like Schnabel to come along and give us a really adequate performance of the sonatas of Beethoven. As for the plays of Shakespeare, I have never seen one of them adequately performed. The famous actor-managers or actors who in my time have produced plays by Shakespeare in London have been like the majority of famous musical virtuosos, utterly incapable of understanding one per cent. of the works they so glibly and impertinently present.

If Shakespeare were played in London as, for example, Schnabel plays Beethoven—that is to say, with the same degree of understanding and reproducing capacity—we should find the theatre where Shakespeare was so performed sold out as the Queen's Hall is sold out, and we should meet everywhere people who had had for the first time in their lives a revelation of Shakespeare's genius.

As it is, with our wholly topsy-turvy system of education, children are now sick of the name of Shakespeare as they will be sick of the name of Beethoven when we have "advanced" as far in musical as we have in literary culture. Nobody will then protest against the academic or bad professional renderings of the works of great masters, because everybody will be secretly convinced from their unfortunate youthful experience that they really are rather boring. So is art sacrificed on the altar of culture, the culture itself being utterly false and fraudulent. W. J. TURNER.

YOU THAT LOVE ENGLAND

YOU that love England, who have an ear for her music,
The slow movement of clouds in benediction,
Clear arias of light thrilling over her uplands,
Over the chords of summer sustained peacefully;
Ceaseless the leaves' counterpoint in a west wind lively,
Blossom and river rippling loveliest allegro,
And the storms of wood strings brass at year's finale:
Listen. Can you not hear the entrance of a new theme?

You who go out alone, on tandem, or on pillion,
Down arterial roads riding in April,
Or sad beside lakes where hill-slopes are reflected
Making fires of leaves, your high hopes fallen:
Cyclists and hikers in company, day excursionists,
Refugees from cursed towns and devastated areas;
Know you seek a new world, a saviour to establish
Long-lost kinship and restore the blood's fulfilment.

You who like peace, good sticks, happy in a small way
Watching birds or playing cricket with schoolboys,
Who pay for drinks all round, whom disaster chose not;
Yet passing derelict mills and barns roof-rent,
Where despair has burnt itself out, hearts at a standstill—
Who suffer loss, aware of lowered vitality:
We can tell you a secret, offer a tonic; only
Submit to the visiting angel, the strange new healer.

You above all who have come to the far end, victims
Of a rundown machine, who can bear it no longer;
Whether in easy chairs chafing at impotence,
Or against hunger, bullies and spies preserving
The nerve for action, the spark of indignation—
Need fight in the dark no more, you know your enemies;
You shall be leaders when zero hour is signalled,
Wielders of power and welders of a new world.

C. DAY LEWIS.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Violation

FRÄULEIN ELSA, as adapted by Komisarjevsky from Arthur Schnitzler's story, is exactly the kind of play that a theatre club should produce—if we assume, what was not, alas! evident on the evening I saw the performance at the Kingsway Theatre, that members of such clubs are prepared for plays that demand a trifle of imaginative intelligence from the audience. How unsuited the play is for the general public, drowsed into dullness, succoured on the invalid-cup of the "flicks" and plays that emulate them, can be judged from too many of the criticisms in the popular press, where this tender study of disillusioned and violated girlhood was greeted by references to sun-bathing—as if one were to tell Ophelia to join the Girl Guides. Schnitzler, who stands almost alone in his ability to make a pathological subject both appealing and imaginative, wrote a masterpiece in *Fräulein Elsa*. It is not quite a masterpiece as a play, though Komisarjevsky has, by resolutely refusing to introduce any alien theatrical tricks, preserved the story's simplicity. Elsa, who is staying in an hotel in the Apennines with her uncongenial aunt, has a letter from her mother to say that her father is in danger of prosecution and imprisonment. He is a lawyer who has stolen trust funds—not for the first time. Elsa is urged in the letter to appeal for money to Herr von Dorsday, an old family friend who is staying in the same hotel. She is eighteen; Dorsday is fifty-six or so. She has already resented in him a familiarity that makes her uneasy. Yet she asks him for help; and he promises it on condition that she will strip naked and be gazed at by him for a quarter of an hour. She consents. She is horrified. She loathes Dorsday and his proposal. Finally, maddened by irresolution and the desire to save her father, she goes to the hotel lounge, clothed only in a cloak, and exposes herself to Dorsday and all the hotel guests. Her sacrifice ends in a fainting fit; she takes an overdose of veronal and dies. It is a story that cannot be taken realistically. Schnitzler has trusted to our sympathy: for us, as for him, the actions should be symbolic. Dorsday's desire is the desire to rape, the desire to spoil beauty, the elderly libertine's passion to restore himself by the ravishing of innocence and youth. So the production and the acting must somehow convey the fact that the story is one of motives, not deeds; of imagination declining into dream; of dreams moving monstrously into a nightmare; of nightmare that exposes and symbolises pure evil. Mr. Swinley as Dorsday was admirable so long as he was persuading Elsa; but there should have been moments when he exposed his own harassed and malignant loneliness, the loneliness of the man who will take but never share. The minor characters were extremely well done; especially good was Elsie Irving as Aunt Emma, the epitome of vulgar commonsense, and Grizelda Hervey as Cissy, worldly and flippant. It was, however, Peggy Ashcroft's evening. Perhaps at the beginning her speech was a shade too quick, too matter-of-fact; but as the tragedy proceeded her bewildered intensity, her baffled courage, her desperate fight against instinct were of an astounding beauty and poignancy. She passed, with increasing ease as Elsa took possession of her, from the passages where she talks to the other characters to those where she expresses in soliloquy the anguish of her indecision. Schnitzler discloses, with delicacy and a pitiful force, the trivial as well as the profound and bitter fancies of the soul, and the nameless dread of the girl's bewildered mind. *Fräulein Elsa* will have no meaning or beauty for those who do not believe that virginity is a positive and spiritual thing; for those who believe that, Miss Ashcroft's reading of the part created by Schnitzler will have a tragic and lonely loveliness. She became the qualities for which she stood—affronted innocence and tortured childishness, while at the same time she kept her individuality as Elsa, the Viennese girl who knew so much more than she understood. It was a most moving performance, with a rare radiance in its higher moments.

A Fine Macbeth

Whatever minor faults are to be found in the Old Vic production of *Macbeth* its general tone is splendidly vigorous and enlivening. Mr. Edward Carrick's settings and costumes are economical yet never makeshift, barbaric but austere, and the incidental stage-pictures and groupings have an unobtrusive, satisfying beauty. The set enables the play to move forward swiftly—almost, indeed, too swiftly, since the audience is given no interval to bridge the obvious gap between the murder of Duncan and the day of the banquet; but a fault growing from so rare a virtue in Shakespearean production is easily forgiven. Mr. Malcolm Keen's greatest moment is the ghost scene, in which he alternates most impressively hysteria and terror with rage at his own weakness. Elsewhere he relies a little too exclusively on a bustling, desperate strength, leaving little room for the fanciful "nerviness" which provides Macbeth with the emotional outlet denied to his implacable, single-minded partner. Miss Margaret Webster's Lady Macbeth is amazingly powerful. She is not afraid of expressionist technique where it serves her purpose, but in the sleep-walking scene she portrays sick middle-age with grim realism. This may be production. If it is, production must also be held responsible for the fact that after Duncan's murder, when Macbeth, quite unstrung, should be whimpering nonsense while his wife drags him back to manhood, Miss Webster is apparently herself overwhelmed by Mr. Keen's roaring agonies.

The Russian Menace

It is a blow when by the enterprise of the Stage Society we are enabled to see a Soviet play (*Fear* has had a great success in Moscow) to discover that it is on the level of *Lady Audley's Secret* and all the more obvious melodramas of the old sentimental school. *Fear* is about a scientist who is wicked enough to believe science can keep outside politics, and at the end is converted—apparently to a belief in the scientific capacity of people with no training except in public oratory. Those who have wondered what "proletarian" means will learn from Afinogenov's play that it means childish. One character, who is a successful party man, has the secret of his birth disclosed—his father was a public prosecutor, his mother an admiral's daughter. Though he has lived as a workman in a factory, he promptly goes to the bad, takes to drink, and grows one of the most unconvincing stage-beards I have ever seen. His child, a little girl, contrives to remain a good Communist. The audience scarcely knew what to do when she ran in one day and declared in a horrified whisper that one of her fellow-pioneers (Soviet for Brownies) had not disclosed the secret of her birth. "She is the daughter of a priest, and has been dismissed for treachery to the Party!" I don't like to think what would happen if a similar discipline were exercised in England, where clergymen's children so often become young rebels. The company had a hopeless task in trying to make all this nonsense acceptable to the rather sophisticated Sunday-night audience at the Westminster Theatre. Anyone with anti-Soviet proclivities would be well advised to put this play on for a run: it is the most damaging attack on Bolshevik "ideology" that I have met.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Friday, December 2nd—
Sidney Webb on "What we Learnt from Soviet Russia," Royal Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, 8.15.

Saturday, December 3rd—
Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
Myra Hess, Queen's Hall, 3.
Backhaus, Grotrian Hall, 3.15.

Sunday, December 4th—
John Murphy on "Economic Revival by National Action," Conway Hall, 11.
Alexander F. Dawn on "Is This a Free Country?" Hampstead Ethical Society, 158A, Mill Lane, N.W., 6.15.
Susan Lawrence on "Labour's Health Policy," Transport Hall, Smith Square, 7.30.

Monday, December 5th—
Courtauld-Sargent Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Tuesday, December 6th—
Rugby Football, Oxford v. Cambridge, Twickenham.
C. Roden Buxton on "A Journey through Kenya and Uganda," Friend's House, Euston Road, 1.20.
"Business with America," Haymarket Theatre.

Wednesday, December 7th—
Elgar Celebration Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Thursday, December 8th—
Clough Williams-Ellis on "Business, Pleasure and Art," Victoria and Albert Museum, 5.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. ROBERT BYRON, in his stimulating essay upon *The Appreciation of Architecture* (Wishart, The Adelphi Quartos, 5s.), begins by saying that architecture, being an urban necessity, is the art of democracy. I hesitate, in any architectural matter, to disagree with Mr. Byron. *Credo Byron*, in regard to this building business, is the attitude which I adopt. When he tells me that Sir Edwin Lutyens' Palace at Delhi is a work of genius, I am delighted—since I also feel emotionally attuned to that superb and reticent building. When he tells me that South Africa House is a public disaster, I respond with passionate applause. And when he tells me that I should admire the Angkor Vat as a triumph of static mobility, or mobile staticism, I pull myself together, and begin to admire what I had hitherto disliked. Yet when he tells me that architecture is the art of democracy, my convictions, my obedience, and my admiration conspire together in open revolt. I had hitherto, and in spite of Mr. Ruskin, looked upon architecture as the most patrician of all the arts. Not even Mr. Byron, not even Erich Mendelsohn, can convince me to the contrary. The art, or rather the opportunity, of building beautifully presupposes wealth and discrimination, individual taste and power to back it. That power can be provided only by a huge bank balance or deep religious convictions. Frequently, these two essential motives are combined, as in the new *Daily Express* building in Fleet Street, or else at Beauvais. They are not, in every instance, very fortunately combined. Yet indifference, backed by a small bank balance, is certainly the most potent cause of bad building. And one which, in this country, has landed us in tin tiles and rubble.

* * *

It may well be that I have misunderstood Mr. Byron. His argument may be as follows. "Democracy is an urban thing. Towns need to be built. Building implies architecture. Therefore democracy should be more intelligent about its architecture than it is to-day." I am prepared to hope that what Mr. Byron wants to say is not that architecture *is* the art of democracy, but that it *ought* to be the art of democracy. If that, in fact, is his thesis, I agree with him unreservedly. I regret only that he should have been so delicate in stating his thesis. These Byzantine methods, in our exclamatory age, will not do at all. Mr. Byron should be more Byronic. He should shout and thump: these whispering galleries may be very charming to the expert in acoustics, but they disconcert the deaf. And in all architectural matters the Great British Public are, not blind only, but deaf as well. And every day, and all the day, cheap architecture is slopping scarlet among our oaks. Mr. Byron rightly draws attention to the fact that, whereas our great organs of public opinion are overweighted with literary and dramatic critics, they allow no room for informed criticism of the architectural evils which will remain. A bad book dies a natural death: a bad building enjoys a wholly unnatural immortality. Mr. Byron is aware of this appalling fact. He is aware that the "bemused sentimentality" which governs public taste in buildings is a far more dangerous, and in effect more permanent, menace than the bemused sentimentality which enriches what is worst in contemporary literature or even art. He is aware that public opinion should in face of this durable material be provided with "the weapons of criticism": he is aware that the problem resolves itself into "how to define good taste, how to assist the man in the street to distinguish between the good and the bad." He is aware that what we require is a higher general level of "trained discrimination." Yet he does not wholly face the problem of how this desirable amelioration is to be brought about.

Architecture, in this country, is curiously anonymous. Many a young man, many a young woman, of Kensington would deride those among his or her fellows who happened to be ignorant of the authorship of *The Forsyte Saga*, or *Mary Rose*, or even of *Battersea Bridge*. Yet these same persons would not be able to tell you who was responsible for their own Natural History Museum, who was responsible for South Africa House, or to whom was due the credit of the Horse Guards, the House of Commons, or Dorchester House (without its balconies). We take our buildings for granted, although they will remain for future generations as monuments of our ineptitude. We expose the volatile and transient to constant criticism, while according to the permanent, the durable, but the slightest attention. Mr. Byron is right in suggesting that this is a foolish and unremunerative attitude of mind. It arises, I suppose, from the confusion between architect and builder, from our general ignorance and lack of taste, from the Trades Union spirit which subjects architects to a rigid and wholly unintelligent discipline, from the fact that although the library reader may buy a book, or at excessive moments actually purchase a picture, he can rarely hope to own a building of any real importance. Architecture is thus impersonal in terms of the acquisitive instinct: and for this reason it has never achieved the "news value" of books, pictures, music, films and plays. Yet the interest in architecture is greater to-day than it has ever been before. People are acquiring "the habit of looking." The *Architectural Review*, that triumph of modern production, actually pays. It is high time that some enterprising journal should catch this incipient interest at its birth.

* * *

"This essay," writes Mr. Byron, "has been written with the purpose of stimulating public interest in that one of the arts which deserves above all others to be the chosen province of the public." I earnestly hope that he will achieve his purpose. He deserves that recompense. He has shown, in this brilliant piece of work, not only what should be the standards of our appraisement, but the actual and constant pleasure which that appraisement can afford. "The habit," he writes, "of that assessment, once acquired, becomes unconscious and flavours life with a perpetual recreation. Acquire it then. And let architecture, the most dramatic and obtrusive of the utilitarian arts, become its first concern." I agree profoundly with Mr. Byron. Of all the many pleasures which I have enjoyed in life, the cheapest, the most constant, the least indiscreet, the least exacting, the most suggestive, the easiest, the most readily available, the most varied, the most variable, the most opportunative, the most vicarious, and withal the most personal, have been the pleasures of architecture. Of all the indignations in which I have riotously indulged, the least personal, the least wearing, the least destructive of the digestive functions, the most extravert, the most communicable, the most incessant, the most dynamic have been the pains of architecture. As a hobby, there is nothing like it. As a cause, there are few which afford more immediate scope or more persistent activity. It seems incredible to me that so many persons of active mind remain indifferent to the manner in which their buildings are built. In no area of human endeavour does the amateur find so many elements of righteous indignation or of self-satisfying approval.

* * *

I find that I have, in my egoistic enthusiasm, left myself no room to define, to analyse or even to praise Mr. Byron's monograph. I would say this only. I have, I think, read most of what Mr. Byron has written. I have always returned from his writings with a sense of increase. Yet in these thirty-one pages he has given me more excitement and more assuagement than I have experienced since the *Architecture of Humanism*. I do not think that I exaggerate.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

THE RADICAL CHAMBERLAIN

The Life of Joseph Chamberlain. By J. L. GARVIN. Volume I (1836–1885). Macmillan. 21s.

Mr. Garvin's first 600-page volume takes us down to 1885 when Chamberlain at the age of forty-nine had almost reached the end of his career as a radical. It is an obvious criticism to say that the book is too long, and much of the earlier part, especially the conventional discussion of Chamberlain's ancestry, would have been better halved or omitted. But no one who reaches the end of this volume will doubt that the job is being thoroughly done and that Mr. Garvin has unusual merits as a biographer. His comments do not stand between us and Chamberlain: we are allowed to see things from Chamberlain's rather than from Mr. Garvin's point of view, and the later chapters give a balanced and novel view of the drama in which Gladstone, Chamberlain, Dilke, Parnell and Hartington were protagonists. Historically there is new information about the relations between Gladstone and Chamberlain, about Chamberlain's part in the 1880–5 Cabinet, and about the disastrous diplomacy of O'Shea which created a permanent mistrust and misunderstanding between Chamberlain and Parnell.

The dominating figure in these years is Gladstone. It is an immense, aggravating and enigmatic figure. Gladstone was always talking about retiring for twenty years before he actually did retire, and the story of this book is only intelligible if one remembers that Chamberlain and Dilke were fully justified in expecting to lead the Liberal Party in the near future. Professor Trevelyan is right in saying that Gladstone's long survival in office had the most unfortunate results. His majestic authority and middle position between Hartington and the Whigs on one flank, and Chamberlain, Dilke and the Radicals on the other, only postponed an inevitable rupture. The restraint exercised by Gladstone was a decisive factor in driving Chamberlain to the opposite camp. With Gladstone out of the way Chamberlain's abilities and ambitions would have found scope in building an effective radical party. Here is a grand opportunity for those who enjoy the ancient game of historical speculation. Was his temperamental dislike for *laisser faire* in foreign as well as in home politics so great that he would have inevitably developed into an imperialist and inevitably quarrelled with Morley and the radical Little Englanders? Possibly. Yet we must remember that he described Disraeli's Russian diplomacy as vulgar bullying: he was on Gladstone's side rather than Hartington's in regard to Gordon; he was in favour of retirement after Majuba, and no one was ever more emphatic in repudiating the use of British arms on behalf of British bondholders than Chamberlain. His denunciation of an imperialistic policy in Egypt is the oddest comment upon his own imperialistic conduct of the South African negotiations which led to the Boer War. It is at least possible that if Chamberlain had been free from the restraint of Gladstone and the Whigs who supported Gladstone, the conduct of English foreign affairs would have been better and more consistent. What is certain and not a matter of speculation is that English Socialism would have developed far more swiftly and effectively.

Chamberlain's qualifications for leading the Left were unique. His immense energy and industry, his practical knowledge of business, his administrative capacities (Whitehall never had a more efficient Minister), his cultivated brilliance on the platform, his unusual grasp of certain aspects of the "condition of England" problem, his easy touch with Labour leaders and appreciation of their aspirations—all these were qualifications which no one other English radical, with the possible exception of Mr. Lloyd George, has ever been able to rival. Above all he had a real passion for social reform combined with an impersonal coldness towards his opponents and a contempt for shilly-shallying. He is the only radical leader who in high place really did not mind if he was frowned on by the Queen, and called a republican and a dangerous revolutionary. He was not perturbed when the mob got out of hand and gave point to his enemies' accusations. His revolutionary remarks were not made in the heat of platform agitation: they were the deliberate result of hours of elaborate preparation. (Mr. Garvin makes the mistake on several occasions of apologising for them.) His period as Mayor of Birmingham is one of the wonders of the nineteenth century. He enjoyed standing up to vested interests: he said he would transform Birmingham, and he did. When he attacked slums the result was not a Committee of Bishops and distinguished persons to say that they were deplorable, but the abolition of the slums. He went into national politics with the avowed determination to do on the national scale what he had shown he could do municipally, only to find that he had to work with Whigs, and could not even get through a Merchant Shipping Bill to prevent sailors being drowned for private profit. Mr. Garvin argues that Gladstone and the Queen were wrong in talking of Chamberlain's "Socialism," and it is true that he wanted to distribute the land not to socialise it. But as an administrator he did many socialist things, and as Prime Minister he would have done many more. He was all for "planning" in the 'eighties: his mind was essentially constructive. If he had remained on the Left in English politics he would have found himself inevitably the practical interpreter of Fabian Socialism. The British Left never found a substitute for Joseph Chamberlain.

LONELY ADVENTURERS

Deep Water and Shoal. By WILLIAM ALBERT ROBINSON. Cape. 10s. 6d.

To Hell and Gone. By PENRYN GOLDMAN. Gollancz. 16s.

Tiger Man. By JULIAN DUGUID. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

Alps and Men. By G. R. DE BEER. Arnold. 16s.

Twenty Years in Tibet. By DAVID MACDONALD. Seeley Service. 18s.

Ours, perhaps more than any other, is the age of the one-man adventure; there was never such a kicking over of office stools and a buying of balloons or boats or any other kind of adventurous vehicle by young men tired of catching the 8.35—"it is always the 8.35," said H. M. Tomlinson—and of wearing out their minds and finger-tips and trousers' seats in the drudgery of adding up another man's figures; nor was there ever such a desire to go off alone in those balloons and boats. Mr. Augustine Courtauld chooses to remain absolutely isolated on the Greenland Ice Cap for a whole winter; Mr. Goldman buys a baby Austin and sets out alone to cross the Great Australian Desert; and most interesting and exciting of all, Mr. Robinson buys a thirty-foot boat and sails it round the world after having had the cheek to learn his navigation "evenings at the New York Public Library." True, he did not go alone, though there were times when, crossing the vast expanses of the Southern Pacific, he felt that he and his crew were the only living creatures on earth. His crew? His crew consisted of a single Polynesian, one Etera, who could speak French. Without Etera the voyage of the *Svaap* would have lost, both for us and Mr. Robinson, nearly half its spice and joy, for though Etera was only five feet high and as ugly as sin he succeeded in conducting a rake's progress round the world that shames every other sailor that ever fancied his chances with

A
25 years'
Reputation
SHELL
has grown up
with British
motoring

a lady. Not only had he a girl in every port, but a harem in ports he had never heard of before; and saw the inside of every gaol from the South Sea Islands to Teneriffe. He was, however, a good sailor, and it was only by his help that the *Svaap* was sailed every moment, night and day, during her three years' voyage. By sailing the *Svaap* day and night they accomplished almost incredible distances, once doing as much as 180 miles from noon to noon and often averaging 175 miles a day across the Pacific. They once took in a couple of passengers, once the U,S. mail, and for nearly 4,000 miles were accompanied by a solitary fish who swam trailing on and on behind the boat. As to their adventures, they make any threepenny blood-and-thunder look as tame as a hymn-book.

> He has talked with kings and walked with captains, and dined (once) with cannibals on human flesh. He has been stalked by water-spouts and hunted by dragons. . . . He has even been captured and held to ransom by an Arab sheikh. And once he met a man with a wife, and a daughter older than his wife, and a grand-daughter older than either

He has seen and done even more incredible things than these; but his book is not the work of a cheap-jack trying to palm off on the stay-at-home reader a mere bunch of fantastic and highly coloured adventures. He is a good enough writer to know the dangers of over-emphasis. Rightly, he is proud of his achievement—his navigation never once lost him a landfall, and he kept an appointment for noon in Marseilles harbour to the minute, and another in mid-Indian Ocean just as nicely—but he is never too proud to forget that he was, again and again, as lucky as any sailor could wish to be. His journey cost him £1,000. "Dirt cheap," says Mr. Weston Martyr. Dirt cheap, indeed.

Mr. Penryn Goldman's journey is, in many ways, cheaper. One cannot buy a boat like *Svaap* for the price of a baby Austin; and even navigation "acquired evenings at the New York Public Library," costs the mind more than learning to drive the fool-proof baby. As a writer Mr. Goldman, though once of Harrow, shows up badly against Mr. Robinson, who writes vigorously but simply, and who can capture memorably the beauty of new landfalls and strange sunsets and tropical islands. Mr. Goldman's style at best is journalistic; at its worst it is cheaper than the jargon of the cheapest newspaper. All this is a pity, for there should be nothing cheap about a solitary journey across a desert which was just as dangerous and difficult to cross as the Pacific. Where Mr. Robinson endured solitude Mr. Goldman suffered desolation, the agony of heat and thirst, the tormenting knowledge that when his car broke down, as it so often did, only the greatest luck could save him from perishing of thirst. His object was to cross Australia from Adelaide to Port Darwin, but, unlike Mr. Robinson, he failed to finish his journey. Two hundred miles from Darwin his car broke down beyond all hope.

> I knew not what to do and felt sorely puzzled. The monthly boat from Darwin had sailed that morning and I was the length of a continent removed from Adelaide, my port of return. First I had to get to Darwin, a month's wait, and then, probably, a second month on the sea. As I stood debating within myself a voice hailed me.

The result of that shout was that he was able to travel back with a man and his wife crossing the desert, also in a car, in the opposite direction. The interest goes out of his narrative at once. The rest of the book is a hotch-potch of his experiences in the South Seas and South America, a hotch-potch that even his slickness of style fails to make amusing.

In *Green Hell* Mr. Duguid wrote an arresting account of his explorations of the Bolivian jungle. Intoxicated, no doubt, by the success of that book, he has now done something which he ought to have had the sense to avoid like a fever. He has written, or has tried to write, a novel, or semi-novel, in which Tiger Man of *Green Hell* is the hero. Tiger Man is an actual person, but since neither he nor Mr. Duguid can remember all the details and conversations of his life accurately, Mr. Duguid, in order to relate them, has "chosen to claim the artist's licence." What artist? There is scarcely a line of artistry in the book.

Twenty Years in Tibet is a solid, sober account of Tibetan life and customs, so solid and sober indeed that one half longs for a page of Mr. Goldman's smartness to enliven it. *Alps and Men* is a picture of Switzerland from 1750 to 1850 as seen through the pages of forgotten diaries of travellers and tourists. Both books are illustrated by some interesting photographs. These are as scraps of butter on very dry bread.

H. E. BATES.

NEW NOVELS

Snow in Harvest. By JOANNA CANNAN. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

Belinda Grove. By HELEN ASHTON. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Obscure Destinies. By WILLA CATHER. Cassell. 7s. 6d

Short Lease. By YVONNE CLOUD. Harmsworth. 7s. 6d.

Night Flight. By ANTOINE DE SAINT-EXUPÉRY. Harmsworth. 6s.

You Gotta Live. By BOB BROWN. Harmsworth. 7s. 6d.

The Little Golden Calf. By ILYA ILF and EUGENE PETROV. Grayson. 7s. 6d.

It is a remarkable fact that when women discuss women, whether in conversation or narrative form, the characters they succeed in bringing to life are often those that they describe least sympathetically. Distaste lends their style an uncommon vigour; it is not the virtuous or charmingly maternal heroine, the woman who has seen and felt and suffered, we recollect as we close the pages of their books, but her shallow, shrewish, mercenary, vulgar foil. She alone has evoked the reader's interest, provoked thought and given wings to the writer's prose.

Take, for example, Miss Cannan's Alicia Pollard. *Snow in Harvest* is by no means a brilliant book, though its good intentions blush from every line; but, thanks to the odious creature round whom it centres, it is readable and, at moments, rarely amusing. For Alicia Quarrier, *née* Pollard, was a prig; "Alicia Pollard did not mind what she ate, and spoonful after spoonful of the Bortsch, which the Provost had ordered as a little compliment to Geoffrey Quarrier, slipped unappreciated down her long white throat." She wore beads, of course, had a stately profile, and the tip of her long nose went blue in the cold. She married the mercurial Geoffrey and made him wretched, and brought up his two children with calm decisiveness.

Geoffrey retaliated by having a love-affair. In his lost youth he had been enamoured of a Russian ballet girl, and when she reappeared as a famous *danseuse*—the Quarriers were then living out at Headington—he was unfaithful, at least in spirit, to the vitamin-fiend. Can one blame him? Miss Cannan doesn't attempt to; and his wife, who was "modern" in every respect, merely intimated that she wished a divorce. Geoffrey was pained, for he loved his children. Secretly, I believe, he loved Alicia and found Tanya, her rival, a poor substitute; a preference which seems to have transferred itself to Miss Cannan, who has lavished all her skill on the Somerville prodigy.

From Oxford we move to a London suburb. *Belinda Grove*, first inhabited by a wicked nobleman who killed a man—and left a ghost—in its spacious grounds, next passed into the ownership of a Victorian merchant whose daughter made love over the garden wall. Up to this point the story is ineffective; its "period furnishings" are a little too much in evidence, its personages too determinedly romantic. Page eighty, however, sees a change. The same Deborah, who had played at Pyramus and Thisbe, with the young actor living at the end of the garden, is now all alone in the family house. She founds a strange sect of religious enthusiasts, and comes to imagine that she has miraculously conceived.

It is the old story of thwarted emotions and a sick mind. This episode of the narrative is so good that I wish Miss Ashton had seen fit to expand it and that it were the pivot of, and not an incident in, her novel. For the book, like the house, goes downhill. Belinda Grove passes to a succession of tenants, each one less reputable than his predecessor, is broken up in flats and studios, and, at last, demolished. There is nothing to compare with the Deborah episode. Other episodes are developed at some length; but not one of them attains to an equal vividness. Still, the book has a flavour of its own and, so long as it eschews the romantic, a kind of beauty.

Obscure Destinies, too, is an uneven work. The first of the three short stories that compose it is sentimental in a not unpleasant manner, and left me with no very distinct impression. The second is a beautifully constructed tale. It describes the life and death of an old woman, who has followed a selfish daughter and her daughter's family from the southern states of America to a western town. Here she feels that her daughter is misunderstood. It is quite natural, according to Southern notions, that old women should make way for "the young folk," should work hard while their children sit in the sun; and the sympathy

NONESUCH PRESS UNLIMITED EDITIONS

The books listed below are all unlimited *editions at popular prices, but they are Nonesuch books, designed and made with proper care. They are to be had of all competent booksellers.*

THE WEEK-END BOOK. 560 pages, decorated by T. L. Poulton. Cloth, 6s.

"The well-known and well-loved Week-End Book appeals to a good many other tastes than the literary; it is a library of anthologies rather than an anthology": *New Statesman.*

MR. TOOTLEOO. A new edition in one volume at 3s. 6d. of the two famous Tootleoo Tales by Bernard and Elinor Darwin.

"Like Carroll's *Alice*, a friend for all time": *Country Life.*

BLAKE'S WRITINGS, complete in one volume, edited by G. L. Keynes. 1200 pages, buckram gilt, 12s. 6d.

"And you get it for the price of one bottle of bad whisky! The fact is better than a peroration": Professor George Sampson in *The Observer.*

DONNE'S COMPLETE POEMS and selected Prose. Edited by John Hayward. 800 pages, 8s. 6d.

"This edition puts the seal on Donne's reputation": *The Spectator.*

HAZLITT'S ESSAYS, selected by G. L. Keynes. 800 pages, buckram gilt, 8s. 6d.

"A true view of Hazlitt": *Times Literary Supplement.*

A SEQUEL TO THE "WEEK-END BOOK"

THREE INTELLIGENCE TESTS

From *The Week-End Problems Book*

A train is controlled by an engine-driver, a fireman and a guard, whose names are Brown, Jones and Robinson, *not* respectively.
On the train are three passengers: Mr. Jones, Mr. Robinson and Mr. Brown.
Mr. Robinson lives at Leeds.
The guard lives half-way between Leeds and London.
Mr. Jones' income is £400 2s. 1d. per annum.
The guard earns in a year exactly one-third of the income of his nearest neighbour who is a passenger.
The guard's namesake lives in London.
Brown beat the fireman at billiards.

What is the name of the engine-driver?

Smith says his maid is unintelligent. He overheard this dialogue on the 'phone:
Voice: Is Mr. Smith there?
Maid: I think so, Sir. What name, please?
Voice: Clew.
Maid: I beg pardon, Sir?
Voice: Clew. C for Crocodile, L for Lion, E for Elephant—
Maid: E for what, Sir?
Voice: E for Elephant, W for Walrus. C, L, E, W, Clew.
Maid: Thank you, Sir. I'll see if Mr. Smith is in.

Why does Smith criticise his maid?

"Two boys took up their station near the clock-tower to find out which could hold his breath the longer. Neither of them won; for the first boy held his breath from the first stroke of 12 to the sixth, and the other from the sixth stroke to the twelfth."

Some say this is an absurd statement, because you cannot count clock strokes while holding your breath; some, because the clock was probably late.

Do you think the statement absurd? and, if so, why?

THE WEEK-END PROBLEMS BOOK

Edited by Hubert Phillips

A sequel to The Week-End Book (of which more than 120,000 copies have been sold) but costing only 5/-

¶ Time Tests of Intelligence ¶ The Caliban Problems — inferential, mathematical, cryptographic, etc. ¶ Word Puzzles, including cross-words. ¶ Contract Bridge, Auction Bridge, and Contract Whist problems in calling and play. ¶ Chess problems.

For all unsociable or lonely people, in lighthouses, boarding-houses, or other outposts of empire... The longest-lasting of all Christmas gift-books. On sale everywhere.

THE NONESUCH PRESS
16 Gt. James Street, W.C.1

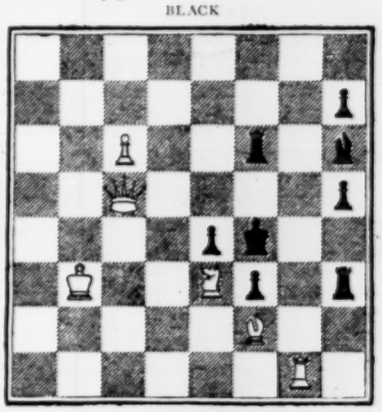
WHO KILLED POPOFF?

From *The Week-End Problems Book*

Popoff was murdered in the train between Badminster and Clew.
The train left Badminster at 10 a.m., arrived Clew 10.55 a.m., left Clew 11 a.m., and reached Drayton 11.20 a.m.
It is 40 miles from Badminster to Clew; 10 from Clew to Drayton, and the line is a perfectly straight one. Hopkins and Watt are implicated.
Hopkins lives at Alehouse, 50 miles (in a straight line) from Badminster and 32 (in a straight line) from Drayton. (There is also a direct road from Alehouse to Clew.) He left Alehouse on his bicycle at 5.10 a.m. and returned at 2 p.m.
Watt lives at Clew. His car was in the garage until 8.10 a.m. at least. At 9.40 a.m. Watt was seen outside the garage in the car, which was back in the garage for good by 11.35 a.m.
Watt left the train at Drayton and was seen in Clew at 12.30 p.m.
The maximum speed of the car is 60 m.p.h.; of the bicycle 10 m.p.h. Hopkins cannot drive a car.

Who killed Popoff?

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in 2
(From *The Week-End Problems Book*)

of a well-meaning Jewish neighbour is not only hurtful but also offensive.

But the third story is probably the finest. This is a sketch of two prosperous business men, whose evening amusement was to sit on the wooden side walk, cheek by jowl, with some spitting and tilting of chairs, and talk politics and watch the passers-by :

> The road, just in front of the side walk where I sat and played jacks, would be ankle-deep in dust, and seemed to drink up the moonlight like folds of velvet. It drank up sounds, too ; muffled the waggon wheels and hoof beats ; lay soft and meek like the last residuum of material things. . . . Nothing in the world, not snow mountains or blue seas, is so beautiful as the soft, dry summer roads in a farming country, roads where the white dust falls back from the slow waggon wheels.

The *Two Friends* quarrel about "free silver" and one realises that a memorable intimacy has come to grief.

Short Lease will be quite long enough for many readers. I hasten to add that such critics are mistaken, and that Miss Cloud's novel is well worth the effort required. True, it is neither an easy nor a graceful book. A complicated matrimonial imbroglio, involving two ill-assorted married couples and a middle-aged amorist of much charm—Paul Saumarez, who tells the greater part of the story—is developed with somewhat inconclusive skill. Paul makes love to Andrew's wife, and Andrew, a philosophic country gentleman who inhabits a large and untidy house—also tenanted by Clement, his bastard uncle—far from trying to dam the course of true love, does all he can to ensure that it shall run smooth.

His benevolence takes the form of profuse discussion. Lover and husband debate the affair in page after page of ingenious argument, occasionally seconded by other characters. When Paul is not discussing Laura with Andrew, or receiving some shrewd advice from the rustic Clement, who is anxious that his nephew should beget a son, he is talking to Catherine or his unhappy mistress herself. We see the personages and the world in which they live through a fluid haze of colloquial dialectic. . .

They are like water-weeds swaying in a stream of talk. Perhaps the special atmosphere of this strange narrative could be explained by saying Miss Yvonne Cloud shares certain peculiarities with Mr. Leo Myers, and that the existence her characters enjoy is almost as rarefied. They are ghostly, and yet, somehow, oddly real. Her book might have been cut down to immense advantage ; while M. de Saint-Exupéry's *Night Flight* needs, if anything, considerable expansion. It is as though the subject he has chosen were "felt" so deeply, that he is half afraid to touch it with an irreverent hand.

Thus *Night Flight* remains an attenuated prose poem ; it has poetic virtues and corresponding poetic drawbacks. The translation, though not eminently felicitous, allows us to appreciate the quality of the author's style, which is sensitive, subtly modulated, but clear and direct. The story describes the adventures of a great mail service ; it concentrates on the drama of a single night and on the tragedy of a single mail plane caught in the storm :

> Now the first eddies of the distant storm assailed them. The mass of metal heaved gently up, pressing itself against the operator's limbs ; and then it seemed to melt away, leaving him for some seconds floating in the darkness, levitated. He clung to the steel bulwarks with both hands. The red lamp in the cockpit was all that remained to him of the world of men, and he shuddered to know himself descending helpless into the dark heart of night, with only a little thing, a miner's davy, to see him through. He dared not disturb the pilot to ask his plans ; he tightened his grip on the steel ribs and, bending forward, fixed his eyes upon the pilot's shadowed back.

Last messages reach the aerodrome at Buenos Ayres ; then the plane disappears, engulfed in the darkness.

M. de Saint-Exupéry has a rare gift of observation ; he is a poet who happens to be writing prose ; whereas, *You Gotta Live* is neither prose nor prose-poetry, but written in a sort of journalistic dithyramb. Take a book by Dos Passos and strain off the talent ; add a tincture of *Anna Livia Plurabelle*, stir thoroughly and stew for several hours, adding garlic and asafœtida to taste. . . . The result is an honest-to-God realism, larded with slang, rich in wise-cracks and highly cacophonous.

Mr. Bob Brown is writing of American rebels. He relates how a group of American pacifists, two young men and a young woman, escape from the clutches of a war-mad continent, and after many sufferings—lavishly described—reach the comparative haven of Mexico City. The book would be absorbing if it were less mannered. Another, very different, set of outcasts, are celebrated by Eugene Petrov and Ilya Ilf, a pair of orthodox but entertaining Soviet story-tellers. The exploits of a gang of itinerant crooks are treated with a broad humour derived from Gogol.

PETER QUENNELL.

CAN EUROPE RECOVER?

by H. R. KNICKERBOCKER

Author of "The Soviet Five Year Plan," etc.

The result of a tour the author took early this autumn round the European capitals in order to study the prospects of economic recovery. There are conversations with Mussolini, Herriot, Masaryk, Strasser and other experts, and a great deal of vital information on the political and economic situation of Europe. *7s. 6d. net.*

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD.

THE GROWTH OF A CRITICAL MIND

Form in Modern Poetry. By HERBERT READ. Sheed and Ward. 2s. 6d.

This book belongs to a series of essays intended to present the Roman Catholic point of view on problems of the day that are also problems of all time. The editor, Mr. T. F. Burns, in a vigorous introduction, has done his best to make Mr. Read fit into the scheme, seizing the critic's most important conclusion, that no art can exist without organic form, and proposing the Catholic faith as the ultimate definition of that form.

Mr. Read, however, escapes. To find out how he escapes one needs to follow the history, through his critical essays during the last ten years, of his dogged groping, after clumsy effort, to get outside the apparently eccentric processes of the artist's mind, and to induce from them an essential practice, or code of behaviour. The effort has been one of the bravest battles in the troublous period of post-war literature.

Equipped, unhappily for his purpose, with something of the "egotistical sublime" temperament of a Wordsworth, but distrustful of his own tendency for self-sufficient solitude, Mr. Read forced himself to a discipline of discipleship. He attended first the school of Mr. Eliot and Mr. Pound. From there he went to the Cambridge Psychologists. At the same time he nourished his judgment with a professional occupation with the fine arts.

The result was confusion and hesitancy. His vision was so submissive to his various authorities that he was exhausted, and stumbled by the way, a pilgrim towards the shrine of truth, crippled by the peas in his shoes.

But when he turned to a study of Wordsworth he found, as it were, a man of his own kind and locality, and the example gave him the courage of his own personality. It is significant that his present essay is largely concerned to explore the dis-

EIGHT CHRISTMAS BEST-SELLERS

WHEN SHIPS GO DOWN
David Masters 8/6

"For wonderful stories of divers' adventures this book could not be beaten. Full of thrills."—DAILY MAIL.

"Most intriguing mysteries of the sea. Thrilling stories."—EVENING STANDARD.

THE PERFECT CHRISTMAS
Rose Henniker Heaton 6/-

"It is unbelievable what expert knowledge the book contains."—OBSERVER

"Most valuable. Tells you everything about Christmas."—MANCHESTER EVG. NEWS

BACK TO THE COAL STANDARD
Bernard Acworth 8/6

"A very strong case, which Parliament and the nation would be wise to consider."—IAN COLVIN.

"Of absorbing interest, trenchant and vigorous."—SIR RICHARD REDMAYNE

THE BUNCH BOOK
James Douglas & Cecil Aldin 6/-

"A delicious book. Every dog-lover must buy The Bunch Book."—JAMES AGATE.

TRUTH ABOUT SPIRITUALISM
C. E. Bechhofer Roberts 8/6

"The most interesting and unprejudiced book on Spiritualism I have ever read."—SINCLAIR LEWIS.

"I read it with absorbed interest. Thorough and honest."
HUGH WALPOLE.

1933 & STILL GOING WRONG!
J. B. Morton & Nicolas Bentley 6/-

"Lewd impiety and shameless licence have combined to produce a volume of verse from which every decent British politician, money-lender, and business magnate will recoil with indignation."
D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS.

THE FLIGHT FROM REASON
NEW & ENLARGED EDITION.
Arnold Lunn 7/6
AN EXAMINATION OF THE DOGMAS OF POPULAR SCIENCE.

"Were it made compulsory reading in schools the next generation would not be so badly informed about the Evolutionary Theory as the present one is."—J. C. SQUIRE.

THE CECIL ALDIN BOOK
Cecil Aldin 6/-

"Not only children but grown-ups will delight in this book. Splendid."
MORNING POST.

FOUR FAMOUS BIOGRAPHIES

SOBIESKI
J. B. Morton 10/6

"Spirited and splendid. A triumph for Mr. Morton."
G. K. CHESTERTON.

EMPEROR OF THE WEST
A STUDY OF CHARLES V.
D. B. Wyndham Lewis 10/6

"An unusually brilliant book . . . bewildering drama of intrigue, fanaticism, passion and idealism."—CECIL ROBERTS.

FOCH: THE MAN OF ORLEANS
B. H. Liddell Hart 21/-

"A glittering vision . . . masterly . . . brilliant.—EDMUND BLUNDEN.

GERMAINE DE STAEL
R. McNair Wilson 15/-

"The first thorough biography of Madame De Stael, and it is admirable."—DESMOND MacCARTHY.

FOUR OMNIBUS BOOKS

THE WAVERLEY PAGEANT
Hugh Walpole 8/6
THE FIRST OMNIBUS BOOK OF SCOTT.

"Perfectly done by that ardent champion of Scott, Hugh Walpole."
ROBERT LYND

THE RED FLAG
F. Britten Austin 8/6
"BRILLIANT SURVEY OF WORLD REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT."

"Immensely interesting, suggestive and exciting."—COMPTON MACKENZIE.

SPANISH OMNIBUS
SHORT STORIES BY THE LEADING SPANISH AUTHORS OF THE DAY. 8/6

"Rich and lovely tales. I rejoice over such a book."—EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE FOTHERGILL OMNIBUS
SHORT STORIES BY FAMOUS AUTHORS WRITTEN ON THE SAME PLOT.
Edited by John Fothergill 8/6

"A fascinating volume of endless variety."—SYLVIA LYND.

SPORTS AND GAMES

6th Thousand.

RUGBY FOOTBALL
D. R. Gent 5/-

"I deliberately call this book the best on the subject I have ever read."—TREVOR WIGNALL.

10th Thousand.

GOLF
Henry Cotton 5/-

"It is full of excellent advice. Intensely interesting and all too short."—SIR ERNEST HOLDERNESS.

125th Thousand.

ADVANCED CONTRACT BRIDGE
Harold Thorne

"A sequel to the famous 'Contract Bridge in 20 Minutes.' Brilliantly explained."—MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS.

With a guide to the new Rules and Scoring. 1/-

40th Thousand.

CONTRACT BRIDGE IN 20 MINUTES
Harold Thorne

"It is one of the most concise and comprehensive little guides on Bridge that has been issued."—SPORTING LIFE.

With a guide to the new Rules and Scoring. 1/-

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

tinction between character and personality. Perhaps he has done this because, in discovering his own unique value, his angle of vision, he has realised that character is at least irrelevant, if not antagonistic, to creative personality. Hitherto he has been concerned with *character*, that is, the systematisation of mind into a machinery for social and moral purpose.

Without denying the experience gained in that effort, he has emerged—I think with Wordsworth as his Vergil—into the freedom of personality, and in the exploration of that realm of the mind which by reason of its solitude is a law unto itself, and has no need for a social technique, or for morals. In that realm Mr. Read has found the impulses of creative art. The discovery has released him from tutelage to the dubious "scientific" approach to art—of the psychologists—and to the "dogmatic" approach preached, but *not* practised, by Mr. Eliot.

The immediate effect is the acquisition of joy and serenity and careless freedom. These three superb cathartics have cleared Mr. Read's critical mind of much congestion. He now wears the weight of his former discipline, and the useful scholarship gained thereunder, with an ease and simplicity. And he has discovered that the wordy battles waged by these schools about the opposition of *Classic* and *Romantic* are largely futile, since the thing more fruitfully to be discussed, *the creative impulse*, cannot be *characteristically* labelled. Mr. Read now asserts its *personal* origin, and frees it from academic, moral, and social trammels. It is this proclamation which makes me doubt the possibility of fitting Mr. Read's examination of form in modern poetry into the Catholic scheme of things. For Mr. Read now asserts the opposition of poetry to philosophy; he states that the faith of the creative artist is not a moral, a *characteristic* faith, but a wilful, unreasoning, egoistic *personal* faith, that refuses external authority, and submits only to the form imposed by its own organism. The Catholic philosophy may be able to assimilate this heterodoxy; but I can only see Mr. Read as the perfectly emancipated critic of poetry, refusing all criteria except that dogged, primitive, rule-of-thumb pragmatism which is the only true philosophy of the creative artist, who is, in Mr. Read's words, "no pedant nor moralist, a man of no character nor convictions, of no caste nor culture, but just a naked sensibility living in its own gusto, reaching after nothing more distant than the impassioned accents of its own voice as it issued from the 'terrible crystal' of an intuitive mind."

The valuable part of Mr. Read's study—a result of many years of devotion to truth—is not in discovering the rebellious and egoistic nature of creative genius, but in showing how that nature is not incompatible with intelligent effort, and respect for tradition; cannot, indeed, function without them.

RICHARD CHURCH.

George Allen & Unwin Ltd.

Three Important New Books

Problems of Population

Edited by G. H. L. F. PITT-RIVERS 15s.

Hon. General Secretary of the International Population Union.

This book contains essays by eminent authorities dealing with population from the approaches of biology, economics, anthropology and sociology.

Indian Problems

By LORD IRWIN, K.G. 12s. 6d.

"It is good to have together the speeches of the most famous Viceroyalty since Lord Curzon's." *Listener.*

The Constitution of the Irish Free State

By LEO KOHN 16s.

The work is the result of years of research and should become the standard text-book on the subject.

CRAZY WEEK

Sweeney Agonistes. Fragments of an Aristophanic Melodrama. By T. S. ELIOT. Faber and Faber. 2s. 6d.

Two Tales of Shaun and Shem. Fragments from "Work in Progress." By JAMES JOYCE. Faber and Faber. 2s. 6d.

In twin volumes—bright yellow and blue, orange and blue—we have our favourite comedians back again: protagonists of the Montparnasse music-hall: Eliot the white-faced coon with his jazz marionettes, and that foine oold Ourish tenor, James Joyce, with further extracts from non-stop variety, somewhat blurred in the thick of a night-out. Connoisseurs of the backstairs influence, they have established their own "music-hall intime," where in a narrower framework the antics of the old hurly-burly are aped and formalised.

What the circus was for a previous generation of artists, the music-hall is likely to be for this. Those relics of the theatre of action, the popular Commedia del' Arte imposing its tradition on a wide audience while at the same time responding to public fashion, leave an outline which is invaluable for the painter and writer. As the music-hall dies out and its place is taken by the movie (the new theatre of action) and the broadcast—both tending to impersonality, and to the splitting-up of the actor into phantoms, visible and audible—one may expect artists to go back to the vivid personal forms of the traditional theatre. The more literature is abstracted from the *forms of action*, and becomes psychological rather than formal, the more it will be necessary for artists to borrow already existing forms of art or action. Proust, having an entirely feminine genius, was content with being an Oblomov in a musical world of the sensations, but writers since Proust who are equally psychological have already found the need of stricter form. Eliot and Joyce are remarkable examples of the attempt of the masculine intelligence to make artistic form out of the chaotic flux of present-day psychological "truth." Neither has succeeded, though approaching the attempt from opposite sides, for in Eliot's skeleton poetry and in Joyce's day-dream prose the characteristic art-form is equally the phantasmagoria (in *The Waste Land* and *Walpurgisnacht*, for example). Compare the formal beauty of the mediaeval vision with the shapelessness of its modern equivalent, the dream or day-dream psycho-analytically interpreted. The difficulty of the modern poet like Joyce or Eliot is that, rightly or wrongly, science has smashed up the whole edifice of poetic imagery, so that for many people it no longer has meaning, and the only loophole left to the poet is a symbolism based on scientific fact and an exploration of the new mythology introduced into culture by the theories of the psycho-analyst. Psycho-analysis has taken the place of religion as a belief on which art (for the moment) can build: in a materialist world it alone offers an Unconscious in place of a soul, an egocentric universe in place of a cosmic one, a re-entrance into myth and legend. But it does not provide the artist with *forms*, as, for instance, Christianity provided the early Italian painters with definite forms as well as belief and legend. In a materialist world the poet must take his forms largely from everyday life. Hence the attraction and usefulness to the artist of such popular art-forms as the music-hall and the movie, which are as much part of the materialist life of the times as charabancs and aeroplanes. In the simple and definite forms of the music-hall the excessively cerebral author of the type of Joyce or Eliot may hope to find a concrete symbolism for his thought; inadequate perhaps, but poignant for that reason. These naive grotesques—Mr. Eliot's "Apeneck" Sweeney, Mr. Joyce's Shem and Shaun—are only superficially comic; they are made to carry not only their author's elegant inflection but the full weight of a mature intelligence which can find no easy outlet.

Here is shown the lighter side of these music-hall adventures: that is, they are themselves less overloaded and nearer to pure music-hall performances. Mr. Eliot is, of course, incapable now

AN URGENT PLEA FOR PROGRESS

•

H. G. WELLS CALLS FOR WORLD ACTION

ECONOMISTS wrangle and dispute. Financial magnates ask each other for advice. Meantime the resources of the world increase to bursting-point—and poverty stalks through every country and through every street. When practical men confess themselves at a loss—it is time to give heed to our prophets and thinkers. In next Monday's "Daily Herald" Mr. H. G. Wells will set out, concisely and without favour, a common creed for world progress—and an exposition of the steps by which this creed must be hardened into fact. This is, frankly, an article with which many will violently disagree, but coming from the pen of one of the world's most enlightened writers it deserves the attention of every thinking man and woman in every country in the world. The "Daily Herald" is glad to include an article of such wide interest in its pages, and would like even those who do not normally see the paper to buy a copy of the "Daily Herald" on Monday without fail.

of writing any verse, even of the simplest, without implications; ironies reflect every word he writes, like reduplicating mirrors, even in *Sweeney Agonistes*. But here the unspoken comment is plain and unvaried: a commonplace party of strangers goes on in the usual flat, and the boring repetitions of conversation are given in jazz antiphony. Sweeney says "I knew a man once did a girl in"—

DORIS: . . . A woman runs a terrible risk.
SNOW: Let Mr. Sweeney continue his story.
I assure you, Sir, we are very interested.
SWEENEY: I knew a man once did a girl in
Any man might do a girl in
Any man has to, needs to, wants to
Once in a lifetime, do a girl in.
Well he kept her there in a bath
With a gallon of lysol in a bath. . . .

"A woman," Doris repeats, "runs a terrible risk." The party works up at times to a chorus, with full haunch-wagging emphasis:

Under the bamboo
Bamboo bamboo
Under the bamboo tree
Two live as one
One live as two
Two live as three
Under the bam
Under the boo
Under the bamboo tree.

The total sinister effect of *Sweeney Agonistes*—as though these waxlike jazz-crooning relayers of imbecility had gained seriousness because they had become a glee of *real* corpses—is at once lively and piercing; and for me, at least, it surpasses some of Mr. Eliot's more "serious" attempts. He is after all a poet of *taste*; and the slight twist of meaning he can give to what is, is more effective and genuine than his laborious (and however ingenious!) syntheses of Dante, Spenser, and the latest popular song.

Mr. Joyce's *Two Tales of Shem and Shaun* are less successful—partly no doubt because they are actually fragments of a larger work, whereas Mr. Eliot's "fragments" represent nothing more than the fact that they will never be added to. Mr. Joyce's background, then, of Vico, universal history and a new language, must be taken into account by the reader of these fables. Even so, they seem excessively barren and childish. Personally, I read all of *Work in Progress* I can get hold of, partly because I cannot believe that the author of *Ulysses* is wasting his time, and because in other fragments I have found a genuine new folk humour and fresh orchestration which will be found nowhere else in literature. But here he seems to be doing very little. He is near his model, the music-hall comedian of the type of Bud Flanagan.

> . . . he looked the first and last micahlike laicness of Quartus the Fifth and Quintus the Sixth and Sixtus the Seventh giving allnight sitting to Lio the Faultyfindth.

That is Joyce. There is a passage in Flanagan's "Political Speech" which begins: "Coming back to hysterics, in ten six and sixpence halfpenny, when William the Concertina . . ." and then gurgles away into obscurity; and remembering his face—Joyce is infinitely remote—I prefer Flanagan.

G. W. STONIER.

MARY BUTTS'

new novel

DEATH OF FELICITY TAVERNER

Mr. J. C. SQUIRE writes:

"It is long since my heart stood so still in my breast as it did when I read the ghastly account of what Boris, quite justifiably, did to the inhuman Kralin . . . It is an intellectual shocker of the first order. It is more than that, however. There is a tremulous beauty in all the descriptions of landscape, some of the characters are very clearly drawn, and the memory of the dead woman hangs about the pages like a perfume."

The Sunday Times.

7s. 6d. net.

Of all libraries and booksellers.

WISHART

DEFLATION IN THEORY

British Monetary Policy. By F. BENHAM. King. 5s.

Among the deflationist cohorts of the London School of Economics, Dr. Benham must take a distinguished place. He is beautifully intelligible, and he exhibits to perfection that curious blend, particularly characteristic of his school of thought, of astringent realism in economic theory and blank insensitiveness to its social implications. His analysis of the causes leading up to the world crisis—the book's scope is wider than the title suggests—of Great Britain's financial and economic position up to and during 1931, of the fundamental economic patterns of which the events of the post-war years are only an example, is a model of clarity, logical elegance, and economic orthodoxy. There will be some disagreement among economists as to the precise nature of the inevitable connection between over-investment and crisis, and many will jib at the relative importance assigned to the various elements of the crisis situation, but the picture is at least recognisable to all. Even the opening chapters describing the economic misbehaviour of Great Britain contain much matter which, with some reservations, can be generally agreed to. But when Dr. Benham turns from the analysis of the crisis to the analysis of recovery his limitations, which are the limitations of the present London fashion in economic thought, become more apparent. Face the facts; cut losses; liquidate. Such is Dr. Benham's gospel, and intellectually it is a refreshing one after the woolly inflationism too prevalent among the economists of the Left. His case is formidable; but where is its applicability to the present situation? His advice on the freeing of international trade and the abandonment of attempts to prop up prices is acceptable enough; but then comes trouble. Reduce wages, says the London School of Economics in chorus; Dr. Benham tackles, one by one, the arguments against reduction, and demolishes them to his own satisfaction in a couple of pages. But his satisfaction is not likely to be universally shared, even if we agree with him that reduction is practicable and that the humanitarian should acquiesce in the price to be paid for the banishing of unemployment. In theory, lower wages will mean lower prices with profits maintained and employment and production consequently increased; the demand for one product consisting in supply of all other products, goods will exchange against one another in increased quantities and without let or hindrance at the lower rate. But we are not living in a barter economy, nor is Dr. Benham's proviso—that monopolistic agreements and other schemes for keeping up prices be absent—in any way fulfilled or likely to be fulfilled. A general reduction in wages is far less likely in practice to form part of a general shaking-out and loosening-up process—in which circumstance it might conceivably be acceptable—than to stand alone, in conjunction with a barely altered price level, a maintenance of rings and monopolies, and a continuance of just those obsolete practices in production and marketing which have made British industry a by-word. A high wage level is at least a constant spur to efficiency, and if maintained long enough may induce the entrepreneur and investing classes to change their views as to what constitutes a proper reward for their services, and thus alter the whole conditions of equilibrium.

THE STORY OF THE GARDEN

By ELEANOUR SINCLAIR ROHDE.

5 plates in colour, 32 in black and white, 300 pages. Price 16/- net.

Every admirer of Miss Rohde's writing has long awaited this book, which tells of the Evolution of the Garden from the earliest known times until the present.

THE WILES OF THE FOX

Written and illustrated by LIONEL EDWARDS.

6 plates in colour and 40 illustrations from line and pencil drawings. Size 10 in. × 7½ in. 10/6.

Also 175 copies, signed by the Artist. Price 30/- net. And 25 copies with Remarque drawing. £5 5s. net.

A delightful sketch-book illustrating the cunning of the hunted fox as the Author has seen it in the hunting field.

ART AND COMMON SENSE

By S. C. KAINES SMITH, F.S.A. (Curator of the Birmingham Art Gallery).

3 plates in colour, 24 in monochrome. Price 6/- net.

The Author endeavours to answer the difficult and oft-repeated question, "what is a work of art?" As readers of his Outline History of Painting and other books will guess, he sets about his subject in lively style and covers a very wide range in a small compass.

THE HORSE IN ART

By MRS. BLOODGOOD, M.F.H.

Foreword by A. J. Munnings, R.A. With 112 monochrome collotype illustrations, cloth bound, gilt top, 10½ in. × 7½ in. £3 3s. net.

Destined to become a standard work on the part played in Art History by the horse.

"A splendid volume. The reader will find an admirably plain, direct and simple style which is just, informative, and easy to read."—*The Horse & Hound.* "An interesting book."—*Country Life.*

Recommended by the Book Society.

A PAINTER'S BAGGAGE

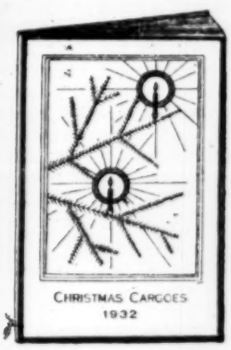
By WALTER BAYES.

16 illustrations in monochrome. Price 6/- net.

An entertaining account of a thoroughly unconventional holiday in Venice and the Adriatic, which recalls Stevenson's inimitable *Travels with a Donkey.*

"An agreeable book."—*Times Lit. Sup.*

Write for Illustrated Autumn Book List. Post free.



THE MEDICI GALLERIES FOR SHOPPING!

Write for this fully illustrated Christmas Catalogue of Christmas Cards, Pictures, Books, Glass, Pottery and Stationery.

Post Free.

THE MEDICI GALLERIES

Grafton Street, New Bond Street, London, W.1

Also at KENSINGTON, LIVERPOOL HARROGATE.

From the CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF INDIA

Volume VI. THE INDIAN EMPIRE, 1858-1918.

Edited by H. H. DODWELL.

Royal 8vo. 30s. net.

The story of Volume V is here continued, showing how the British character of the government was confirmed by the fierce struggle of the Mutiny; other chapters deal with the Central Asian and Frontier problems, and relations with the Indian States. But problems of external policy have become increasingly associated with problems of internal and constitutional development. To such problems—the gradual formation of a system of district government; social and educational policy; and the development of constitutional experiment—the present volume is specially devoted.

This volume also forms Volume V of the Cambridge History of the British Empire.

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY

Volume IX. THE ROMAN REPUBLIC, 133-44 B.C.

Edited by S. A. COOK, F. E. ADCOCK and M. P. CHARLESWORTH.

Royal 8vo. With 25 maps, tables, and plans. 37s. 6d. net.

This volume covers the period from the Gracchi to the death of Caesar and describes the gradual breakdown of the Senatorial Republic. In addition to the story of that sequence of political crises induced by a succession of great men, it contains chapters on Pontus and its neighbours, the Jews, Parthia, the government of the Princes, Roman literature, Ciceronian society, Roman Republican art, and the development of Roman law.

THE CORN LAWS AND SOCIAL ENGLAND

By C. R. FAY.

Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net. Ready shortly.

"Now that it has been decided once again to tax and restrict the nation's bread, it seems not inappropriate to pass in review the circumstances under which in former times such taxes and restrictions were imposed and then repealed."—From the Preface.

LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS In the Age of Wordsworth

An Anthology selected and edited by R. C. BALD.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net. Cambridge Anthologies.

The editor's aim has been to provide a background somewhat wider and more interesting than the usual bare statements of biographical facts. The period covered is 1790–1840 and selections have been made from the works of the more important authors of the period, in order to present what they themselves said to or about one another.

BEFORE AND AFTER SOCRATES

By F. M. CORNFORD

Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

The author deals with the significance of Socrates' conversion of philosophy from the study of Nature to the study of human life. He has tried so to describe the early Ionian science as to show why it failed to satisfy Socrates, and has treated the systems of Plato and Aristotle as attempts to carry into the interpretation of the world the consequences of Socrates' discovery.

Specially recommended for the series of B.B.C. talks, OUR DEBT TO THE PAST; GREECE, by Professor F. M. Cornford.

Fixed charges should also be reduced; but here, curiously, Dr. Benham is less categorical. The danger that confidence may be shaken by a breach of contract is graver than the danger of social commotion through wage and benefit reductions; therefore, let caution be our watchword, especially where Government obligations are concerned. Private bankruptcies matter less. That fixed charges are a less important item in costs than wages may be statistically true, but the extra importance attached to cuts in wages is surely out of all proportion. And it is just this item which is always bound to get the most attention; an originally only slightly mis-emphasised economic doctrine becomes a formidable ally of reaction.

It is primarily in order to force these readjustments on a naturally reluctant nation, and secondarily because a managed currency is a temptation to inflation and so might give us the 1929–1932 sequence all over again, that Dr. Benham advocates as the next step in monetary policy a return to the gold standard. He backs his arguments with an appeal to authority, quoting the Report of the Gold Delegation of the Financial Committee of the League of Nations. To restore the free working of the gold standard, three prior requisites are necessary: a breaking down of the existing barriers to trade—tariffs, quotas, etcetera; the solution of the war debts and reparations question; and an understanding between the Central Banks to allow gold movements to make their influence felt on national price levels. Well and good; but how likely are one and two? Dr. Benham goes further than the Gold Delegation; he wants a return to gold now, immediately, at the old parity. Why, in a world of changing exchange rates, this particular figure should be held sacrosanct he does not convincingly explain; the effect of an artificially high exchange rate in inducing internal deflation and diminution of costs—especially wage costs—can be admirably observed in contemporary Germany and is hardly an encouraging spectacle. Altogether, this is a stimulating and salutary little book; but one wishes that Dr. Benham in particular and the London School of Economics in general would either stick to pure analysis or show more sense of reality in advocating concrete policies.

HONOR CROOME.

LIFE AND THE
PUBLIC SCHOOLS
By the BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL 10s. 6d. net

EVENING MEMORIES
By the Rt. Hon. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL
Illustrated 16s. net

GREYSTONES:
MUSINGS WITHOUT DATES
By "A CITY MAN" Sixth Thousand 3s. 6d. net

HE THAT COMETH
By GEOFFREY ALLEN, Author of "*Tell John*"
The New Book of the Oxford Groups 5s. net

THE WEEK-END DICKENS
300 Selections from the Works of Charles Dickens, with introductory essay by SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER 2s. 6d. net

ALEXANDER MACLEHOSE
58, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1

SHORTER NOTICES

The Conquest of the South Pole. By J. GORDON HAYES. Thornton Butterworth. 18s.

This story of Antarctic exploration, 1906-1931, has been written to form a companion, but independent, volume to Dr. H. R. Mills' *Siege of the South Pole*. Mr. Hayes is a well-known writer on Polar subjects, and in the present book he has given us an admirable series of accounts of the various expeditions, British and other, which have adventured in the Antarctic during the past quarter of a century. Mr. Hayes suggests that the period from 1907 to 1914 should be known as the Heroic Era of Antarctic Exploration, and, reading again the stories of the Scott, Shackleton and Mawson expeditions of that period, it is easy to see how just is that description. But while paying every tribute to this era, and to the men who dared and suffered so greatly, the provision and prevision that made Amundsen's story of his dash to the Pole read like the account of "an Alpine holiday"—to use Mr. Hayes's happy phrase—if less heroic, set an example that was to be more and more fruitful. Mr. Hayes has had access to many new documents, and as he tells his stories with spirit, the book, which is beautifully illustrated, is a valuable addition to Polar literature.

Youth and the East. By E. CANDLER. Blackwood. 7s. 6d.

This is the first cheap edition of Edmund Candler's well-known, brilliant book. It includes a full and interesting memoir of the author by his brother, Mr. Henry Candler, which sheds new light upon the author's career. Edmund Candler is best known as a thinker, writer, and gallant war-correspondent, but we are now told of his valuable service to the cause of education in India for nearly twenty years.

Oxford's College Gardens. By E. S. ROHDE. Jenkins. £2 2s.

This book, with its twenty-five fine illustrations by Miss Canziani and seven after old engravings of David Loggan and W. Williams, is one of the handsomest of the year's gift-books. Miss Rohde's love for and knowledge of gardens and flowers guarantee the soundness of the text, which contains a good deal of historical as well as of horticultural interest. All the gardens honoured by Miss Rohde have their claim to attention; but perhaps that of St. John's College may take first place, as the one which Shakespeare almost certainly visited when he stayed at Davenant's Inn, for Davenant's son Robert, who was much loved by Shakespeare, was a Fellow of St. John's.

The Oxford Companion to English Literature. By PAUL HARVEY. Oxford University Press. 15s.

Sir Paul Harvey has produced a fascinating book, even if its plan is rather uncertain, and its scope not clearly defined. In alphabetical order we have English authors, their books, characters from their books, with illustrative comments; foreign authors and books are included if they bear on English literature, and American authors count as English. The gravest error is the attempt to deal with living authors; this is particularly evident in the entries on American authors, when the compiler is, perhaps inevitably, over-influenced by the modern ascendency of the novel. Thus we find Ellen Glasgow and Sinclair Lewis, but not Robinson Jeffers, nor Eugene O'Neill, nor Agnes Repplier. Future editions should remedy this; and room should be found for Henry Cockton, Madame Duclaux, Mrs. Woods, Mrs. Molesworth, A. C. Benson, Hugh Benson—to mention a few omissions. The book, which is a large octavo of nearly nine hundred pages, is extraordinarily cheap at the fifteen shillings asked for it.

Candle Flame. By BARBARA WILLARD. Gerald Howe. 7s. 6d.

There is excellent workmanship here which gives the book a body it might easily have lacked, for love stories are too often apt to struggle along to a devastating climax. The background of *Candle Flame*, a London boarding-house and beyond that changing times and seasons, is described with imagination and skill. Miss Willard does not forget the importance of sounds and scents and colours, and the fact that her characters are struggling with unhappy love does not make them blind and deaf any more than it would in real life. The *Candle Flame* is Anna Meuris's love for Blaise Keel, the son of her step-mother by a previous marriage. Blaise loves her in return, but with the nagging love of a spoilt, selfish nature. Also living in the house are Konrad Hahn, who loves Anna, he fears hopelessly, but none the less fiercely, and Winifred Church, with whom Blaise becomes infatuated. The gradual growth of an atmosphere of conflict is excellently imagined.

My Bones Will Keep. By MAURICE RICHARDSON. Collins. 7s. 6d.

Here is recorded the rake's progress of a rather ordinary weak young man. As a child he develops a passion for reptiles; at the University he discovers drink and runs through the gamut of vices, without much conviction, until an outraged father ships him to the Colonies and we part company. Question: is education to blame? Mr. Richardson enjoys himself in belabouring parents, schoolmasters, schoolboys, undergraduates and young women; but as his hero was worthless anyway, no tears need be shed. Thomas Swayne is a failure as a corrupted innocent, and he hasn't the stamina for a picaresque hero, although many of the situations are amusing, especially the public-house scenes; and the writing, if undisciplined, has energy and pace. *My Bones Will Keep* is an essay in schoolboy irony, which blackwashes the world because it hates authority, not because it cares about any positive goods. Society will, without much difficulty, survive the dressing-down given it by Mr. Richardson.

WORKS BY

S. R. LYSAGHT

THE IMMORTAL JEW
A DRAMA. 10s. 6d. net.

POEMS. Comprising "Poems of the Unknown Way" and "Horizons and Landmarks." 4s. 6d. net.

NOVELS

THE MARPLOT 6s. net

ONE OF THE GRENVILLES 6s. net.

HER MAJESTY'S REBELS 2s. 6d. net.

MY TOWER IN DESMOND 3s. 6d. net.

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD.

PEACE PATROL

By Lt.-Col. STEWART RODDIE

LORD D'ABERNON writes:—
"Nobody was more intimately acquainted with Germany of the post-war years than Stewart Roddie. What he saw he tells his readers with vivid terseness."

Illustrated 15/- *net*

PURPOSE AND ADMIRATION

By J. E. BARTON

This "lay study" gives in plain language an interpretation of the short, comprehensive and confusing word "art."

44 *illustrations*

10/6 *net*

CHRISTOPHERS

J H

AROUND MUSIC

KAIKHOSRU SORABJI. *Royal 8vo.* 15s.

A brilliant and controversial book on music, musicians, composers and critics. The author deals shrewd blows which upset many preconceived ideas.

OBELISTS AT SEA

C. DALY KING. 7s. 6d.

This psycho-analytical Thriller of murder on a liner is just being reprinted to keep pace with the increasing demand for it.

"The most original detective tale we have seen for a long time. The irony . . . . would, by itself be enough to make the book noteworthy." *The Spectator.*

". . . its welcome crash of surprise . . . and excellent satire."—RALPH STRAUS.

". . . highly successful . . . a brilliant satire." *Times Lit. Supp.*

FULL TIDE

MARY ISABEL LESLIE. 7s. 6d.

A fine Cornish novel of the sacrifices of a young mother for her children and her ultimate reward.

THE UNICORN PRESS & JOHN HERITAGE.

U P

GRAMOPHONE MUSIC
for the Connoisseur

Rimington, Van Wyck sometimes have the facility for being unusually unusual. This is particularly so in the matter of the selection of unique recordings for the Xmas Season. They offer, at the usual prices, recordings of the works of the great Masters, rendered by prominent Artistes who have kindly autographed a limited number of their recordings. It is a matter of pride to possess autographed records of such distinguished musicians as

Menuhin	Horowitz
Schnabel	Elizabeth Schumann
Backhaus	Melchior.

A big demand from music lovers for autographed records is anticipated at the "unusual" Gramophone Shop.

Carriage is paid on orders of 15/- and over, and a safe delivery guaranteed.

Our December List, including suggestions for Xmas, is in the press, and if you make application a copy will be sent to you immediately it is published.

Get your Radio or Radiogram from—

RIMINGTON, VAN WYCK, LTD.
42/3 CRANBOURN STREET,
LONDON, W.C.2
(Just opposite the Hippodrome)
Gerrard 1171.

Hours 9.30—7 *p.m.* *Thursdays* 9.30—1 *p.m.*

Sons. By PEARL S. BUCK. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Sons continues the story of *The Good Earth*. Wang Lung is dead and his children sell the land. Their ideals are money, power, amusement. They pay lip-service to the social religion of their ancestors but there is no reality, and their empty lives and squabbles are ugly. China is changing and so are its people and the intermediate stage is shapeless, full of warring forces with unthought-out and purposeless aims. Mrs. Buck has produced a sociological study, but the picture is top-heavy. In *The Good Earth* there were events that, ethically, we found strange and revolting, but they fitted in to a system, and in writing of them a pattern could be made that was aesthetically pleasing. Here Mrs. Buck has written only a photographic story of imminent upheaval; it is good material for the political and social reformer, but it makes a disappointing novel.

Jehol, City of Emperors. By SVEN HEDIN. Kegan Paul. 18s.

A certain Mr. Vincent Bendix having decreed that Stockholm and Chicago should possess twin replicas of a Lama temple, Dr. Hedin visited Jehol to collect the necessary plans and specifications. As a journey it was not particularly adventurous; but, since the great hunting palace beyond the Wall is tumbling year by year into hopeless decay—it has also been gutted by the resident war-lord—the series of admirable photographs which he has brought back would alone excuse the production of this volume. The text itself is curiously disappointing. Only four chapters of the book deal with the remains of temple and palace, while nine picturesque historical essays, often somewhat journalistic in tone, help to pad out the remainder of the monograph. Incidentally, is it true that Hsiang-Fei, the captive Turki princess whom Ch'ien-Lung loved, never became the concubine of her imperial master? "The Sweet Scented One" was, no doubt, a remarkable personage; but it is difficult to believe that she escaped his bed.

About Motoring

DIRECTION INDICATORS

A GREAT stir is evident amongst motorists at the moment with regard to direction indicators. This novel and possibly premature activity is largely due to artificial stimulation by the trade. There is no very violent need for the immediate fitting of indicators, and a motorist who possesses a stop lamp and administers the usual hand signals is within the law, and enjoys just as much safety as if he used an expensive apparatus. The only genuine defects of this combination (stop lamp and hand signalling) are that the driver must keep his side window partly open in bad weather, and that when he approaches a point officer against the sun, it is not always easy for the policeman to read some of his hand signals. There is no objection to the purchase of a well-chosen signal apparatus, but owners in a hurry should remember that a committee of the Ministry of Transport will shortly report on the subject, and that legal action may follow. Such legal action may compel us all to buy and use indicators of a particular type or types, and if in the interim we spend two or three pounds on a device which does not win official favour we shall have wasted a little money. There is already an enormous number of patented signals on the market, some of which are definitely second rate, whilst others, if not ideal, are at any rate entirely practical, and sure to please the driver who hates putting his arm out into cold wind or driving rain. An excellent summary of the devices on the market may be found in the *Motor* for November 22nd. It covers four and a half pages, embodying sketches of the best types. We do not expect popular journals to be severely critical, and this summary describes the various inventions without estimating their relative efficiencies; but its introduction includes a brief summary of the principles of design, which at least assists the reader in his amateur criticisms.

What every motorist desires is, of course, a perfectly automatic signal, operated by the brakes and steering, visible to every person concerned in his movements from flank, stern or front, completely reliable, and equally effective by day or night. Aesthetically, it should not disfigure a fine car more than is inevitable. Most gadgets fixed to a car after purchase suffer from an amateurish appearance, and spoil our contours and style to some extent. This is especially true of direction signals, which are apt to remind the observer of a child's toy railway. The indicator of to-morrow will inevitably be embodied in the construction of the car, and may ultimately assume the form of an opal panel, combined with the front and rear number-plates. If this construction should prove to be inadequately obtrusive, we may be forced to accept protruding semaphores; but in that case the semaphore casings will be sunk in the coach-work, and cause the minimum interference with the lines of the vehicle. Good looks may seem immaterial where safety and convenience are concerned, but whether we have paid £150 or £1,500 for the car, its appearance touches our pride; other things being equal, the best looking signal will have the best chance of survival.

Visibility is the prime essential. At present we never know from what portion of the car's anatomy the signal may be expected. Small arrows with tiny barbs are easily overlooked, and during the present chaos temporary signals should surely be given at the point which the law has selected, namely at that point from which the driver's arm (the sole legal and compulsory signal at this date) must show itself. Whether an illuminated arrow or a rise-and-fall semaphore is employed, it should be located near the off-side front window. If panel backgrounds are employed in the region of either number-plate they should be supplemented—until the law speaks—by a second device high up on the right of the car. It is true that some of the devices designed for this position are not properly visible from a car travelling on a line parallel to the course of the signalling car, but some two or three feet to the left of its course. Neither is the driver's arm visible from this position; but the following car is bound to watch for the driver's arm, and to steer a course which renders such signals visible. Thus, if a side signal is employed, it should protrude as far as a driver's arm protrudes. A squat, stumpy signal high up on the right front of a car is dangerous, for we all stick out our arms at full stretch under certain traffic conditions.

The control device is even more important than the location of the signal; and nobody will recognise as ideal any device which is not automatically operated by the steering gear and the brake controls. Such devices as yet form a very small minority of the patents on the market, and the usual control is a small lever or switch. Some of these controls place the maximum responsibility on the driver. Others possess a semi-automatic character, being, for example, actuated by a time switch or other periodic device which cancels the signal after a certain interval. This system is not completely sound. If I am submerged in a broad queue of cars, which I desire to quit towards

It pays a bank to be used by its customers, though many of its services cost the customer nothing

It is the Westminster Bank's policy to popularize its services by issuing simply worded accounts of various ways in which it is glad to be used. These bright covered little leaflets are conspicuous in any branch of the Bank, and may be taken freely. They already comprise '39 Advantages of an Account', 'Points before Travelling', 'Securities', 'The Saving Habit', 'Wills', 'Income Tax', and others

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the '*Three Castles*'" —THE VIRGINIANS

WILLS'S
THREE CASTLES
CIGARETTES

TT 122B

Now ready 7/6

3rd impression at press.

GILBERT FRANKAU

that master story teller, has written a romance of love and the Secret Service

The LONELY MAN

By the author of

"PETER JACKSON," "CHRISTOPHER STRONG," etc.

HUTCHINSON & Co. (*Publishers*) **Ltd. London**

CO-OPERATIVE BANKING

The C.W.S. BANK opens current accounts for Clubs, Trade Unions, all mutual organizations and INDIVIDUALS.

Business may be transacted through any Co-operative Society and excellent rates of interest are allowed.

NO DEPRECIATION OF CAPITAL

Full details from:

C·W·S· BANK

HEAD OFFICE:
1, Balloon Street, MANCHESTER.

BRANCHES:
LONDON: 99, Leman Street, E.1.
42, Kingsway, W.C.2.
Transport House, Smith Square, Westminster.
West Blandford Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
Broad Quay, BRISTOL.

Christmas Presents

EXHIBITION OF SELECTED ETCHINGS BY MASTERS AT SPECIAL PRICES

including fine plates by

C. H. BASKETT, R.E. — ALBANY HOWARTH
FRED BURRIDGE, R.E. — MALCOLM OSBORNE, R.A., R.E.
MARTIN HARDIE, R.I., R.E. — Sir FRANK SHORT, R.A., P.R.E.
Sir CHARLES HOLROYD — C. J. WATSON
and others

AT

THE BROMHEAD ART GALLERY
18, CORK STREET, BOND STREET, W.1.

AT THE
CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER

Professor GILBERT MURRAY *(in the chair)*
The Rt. Hon. the Lord Allen of Hurtwood
Sardar Magbool Mahmood *(Foreign Minister of Patiala)*
Dr. Maude Royden
Dr. Weizmann

WILL SPEAK ON

MORAL DISARMAMENT

on WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7th, 8 p.m.

At the Organ - - CYRIL WILLIAMS, A.R.C.O.

FREE TICKETS and Numbered and reserved seats at 5/-, 2/6 and 1/-, to be obtained from the League of Nations Union, 15, Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1 (Sloane 6161).

Doors open at 7 p.m. — No seats reserved after 7.50

my right, it is obviously easy for me to operate the signal, find myself unable to clear the traffic within the action of the time switch, omit to flick the control for the second time, and innocently cross the bows of other vehicles in sublime unconsciousness of the fact that I am no longer signalling my intended turn. This simple illustration suggests the acute difficulty of furnishing an automatic turn signal. A car may approach a road junction amidst three or four lines abreast, and may be forced into one of the inner lines, and jammed so tightly that the driver cannot even swing his front wheels six inches over to his right as he nears the right-hand fork which he desires to take. Under such conditions his automatic signal may not function, and would require to be supplemented by hand control. Quite obviously an automatic signal which either demands occasional hand control or compels the driver to peep at it if he is to be sure what it is doing may prove an incubus and a danger rather than a relief and a blessing. The whole question of design, location and control is quite extraordinarily difficult and thorny. Owners who have money to burn, and who suffer from gadgetitis, may experiment with some of the proprietary systems which the *Motor* describes; but the impecunious owner should either delay or purchase one of the more straightforward systems designed for manual control. R. E. DAVIDSON.

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

Problem 20.—GUESS WORK.

"We have had, this week, a lot of guessing games," writes Dick from school. "Each night we play, the winner of one game gets 1 point; the winner of two games gets 3 points; the winner of three games gets 6 points; and so on in progression.

"The curious thing is, in all we have had a hundred games during the week; 100 points were awarded each night we played; and each of us scored 100 points in all.

"The first night we played, I won seven games and Harry won six. The last night, George only won three."

How many games did George win on the first night?

Problem 18.—GRAND SLAM.

If South takes all thirteen tricks in his own hand, he can only hold the following cards:

♠ A Q 10 8 6 4 3 2
♥ None
♦ J 9
♣ A Q 10

This was intended to be the only solution. Unfortunately, I did not (as I thought I had done) make it impossible for all thirteen tricks to be taken in North's hand. I therefore accept, as a correct answer, any hand for South which comprises:

(1) No Hearts (this is a *sine qua non*).

(2) Not more than two Diamonds.

(3) The ♣ A.

(4) At least six Spades to the A, Q.

The void in Hearts in South's hand is shown by his bid of 3 ♥, over the adversaries' two bids in that suit.

Problem 17.—DOMINOES.

Sets of Low's cartoons are awarded to:

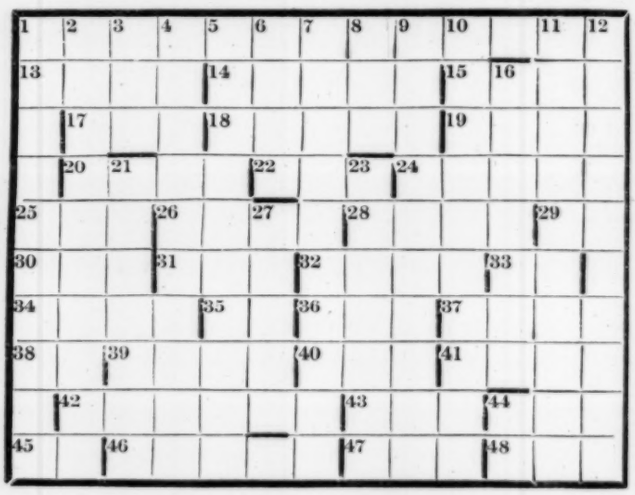
A. T. V. Dykins, 28 Flaxley Street, Cinderford, Glos.

C. H. Morrell, 15 Ormonde Road, East Sheen, S.W.14.

Sets of Low's cartoons, in portfolio, will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions opened. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday, Dec. 13th.

CALIBAN.

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



TENS

ACROSS.

1. Dr. Freud might be so described.
13. Smiling?
14. There's a long one a-winding.
15 *rev.* Rather a frost.
17. Pride of place reversed.
18. When straightened out, he likes 17 *rev.* plain.
19. Twisted plant.
20. Secretly a shellfish.
22. He's coom up from Shropshire.
24. Star flower.
25. Beginning of a Philippic.
26. Shoe's beginning and ending.
28 *rev.* Sledgelet.
29. Right you are.
30. My cereal rights are reserved.
31. Home of 48.
32. Adversely inclined, my tower is
33. Found in beer.
34. Stop—and get straight.
35. Mythical figure with none to follow.
36. Unembittered.
37. Confusedly ripe.
38. Are we all for each?
39. Twisted tree-trunk.
40. Half of Sir Willoughby Patterne.
41. Muddled melody.
42. Here be wizard and proconsul.
43. *rev.* He keeps time.
44. Sluggard's exemplar.
45. Intemperately temperate.
46. Reminders of our school-days.
47. Compass point.
48. See 31.

DOWN.

1. The Pope perhaps?
2. Keeping cool, presumably.
3. A twisted ear this time.
4. Of great price.
5. The Marines are supposed to favour them.
6. Nerve-wracking type of examination.
7. One effect of unmusicalness.
8. Unpleasant fellow.
9. Such men are unpopular.
10. My advice is—don't.
11. Pounds with sceptres.
12. This one is unlucky.
16. Annually shed.
21. Bluebeard's heart was.
23. Widows are credited with these.
27. Sign of the supercilious.
44. You watch for their salute.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. lycanthropist. 10. intersidereal. 15. rant *rev.* 16. oils(kin). 18. nacre (=mother of Pearl). 19. heroin. 20. Tootles (*Peter Pan*). 22. opoponax. 24. neats (kin-e). 25. pall. 28. beglerbeg. 32. hrlae (Lehar). 33. rhodinol. 37. Aminadab (*anag.*). 39. Oval. 40. Nemesis (*anag.*). 41. arenas. 42. rite *rev.* 43. tetrarchs.

DOWN.—1. lithophane. 2. penny *rev.* 3. aeroplanes. 4. nroio (Orion). 5. hilt. 6. r(oa)d. 7. Oenone. 8. prate (pater). 9. sar. 11. taro. 12. sinner. 13. eclab (cable). 14. less. 17. sox. 21. été. 23. aghast (*anag.*). 26. armet. 27. Mill *rev.* 28. Beast. 29. lobar. 30. river. 31. glass. 34. D.O.R.A. 35. Nan (Ann). 36. halo *rev.* 38. die.

The finest of all Christmas Presents

Imperial 'Good Companion'

The only British Portable Typewriter with a standard 4-bank keyboard. All the bright parts are chromium plated. From typewriter dealers, the leading stores and stationers.

Price **£13:10:0**

or by subscription payments, **£2:0:0** deposit

Imperial Typewriter Co., Limited. Head Office and Works, Leicester, England. London Office: 73a, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

Post this to-day

To the Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd. Leicester, Eng.

Please send me your "Good Companion" Booklet.

Name .....

(Mr., Mrs., Miss)

Address .....

N.S.

Stop that cold with

Here is the way to treat a cold!

It is better to prevent a cold than to cure one. It is better to cure a cold than to go to bed with influenza.

Put a drop of Vapex on a clean handkerchief each morning and inhale its pleasantly antiseptic vapour often during the day. In crowded railway carriages, in stuffy buses and in offices where the air is saturated with germs, the clean, penetrating vapour of Vapex will reach the deep recesses of the nose and throat, and preserve health by destroying the enemies of health. It is so simple—a drop of Vapex on a handkerchief, instantly available, instantly effective.

Vapex grows stronger upon exposure to the air and gives you all-day comfort and protection. A drop on each end of your pillow fights a cold during the night.

Always have a bottle of Vapex handy Guard your own health and that of your children. A drop of Vapex on their "hankies" will protect them from the ravages of the common cold.

Of Chemists 2/- and 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD. V74

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

A SPECIAL DISPLAY of all kinds of Children's Books, illustrating the development of Juvenile Literature through three centuries, is now open. Toy theatres—"penny plain and twopence coloured"—will be shown, and miniature dramas will be produced. Among the exhibits are the miniature books from "Titania's Palace," and a little copy of "The Times" (4×2½ins.) will be given to each visitor.

J. & E. BUMPUS Ltd

BOOKSELLERS TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

350 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: MAYFAIR 7601

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs: One Year, post free, 30s. Six months, post free, 15s. Three months, post free, 7s. 6d. and should be addressed to The Manager, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., Kingsway, W.C.2.

Suspended on the eve of publication owing to Official Intervention

Fore & Aft

By Lady Angela St. Clair-Erskine
author of "Memories and Base Details"

Now to be published on Dec. 9.

Lady Angela St. Clair-Erskine (known to the public for a great many years as Lady Angela Forbes) in her new book, gives us a number of exceedingly interesting reminiscences told with unvarying candour and in a piquant and attractive style. She has something to say about dress designing in Mayfair and about salmon fishing off the North Cape. Politicians past and present are the subjects of her criticism. Lady Angela is nothing if not frank; she describes the doings of overseas governors as amusingly as she recounts racing gossip. She tells intimate stories of men and women in almost every walk of life. The well known Rosslyn *joie de vivre* enlivens every page. Her frankness and wit will be always stimulating if not acceptable to all.

Fully Illustrated 12/6

Jarrolds (Publishers) Ltd London

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT
FOR YOURSELF OR A FRIEND:

A Subscription to the

NEW YORK NATION

which will keep you in touch with American news and liberal American views of the economic situation, the new President, Disarmament, War Debts, and other world problems of today.

ROBERT DELL writes frequently from Geneva, and LOUIS FISCHER from Moscow.

Music, Literature, Art, Drama, Films are regularly reviewed.

British Agent:
GERTRUDE M. CROSS, 23, Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

The present sterling subscription rate of 30/- per annum represents a very considerable discount on the actual price of $6.00.

SPECIMEN COPY FREE ON REQUEST.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

OUR DEBIT BALANCE OF PAYMENTS—AMERICAN NOTE TO BRITAIN (1792)—ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL

BY TOREADOR

LOOKING back, the mishandling of the war debts question appears to have been deplorable. Had we forgotten that democratic Governments cannot act in advance of public opinion? What steps have we taken to educate American public opinion since the Lausanne Conference? When Washington at last begs us to state a case, the British Note is delayed while ministers are being educated in, and the party leaders consulted about, the economics of the case. And the economics are so simple! International payments can only be made in gold or in goods or services giving claims on foreign currencies. (I disregard temporary loans from creditor to debtor.) If the payments are on a vast scale, payment in gold becomes impossible because supply is restricted, the bulk of the world's gold stocks lying in the vaults of the U.S. Federal Reserve Banks and the Bank of France. For us to ship gold for the December 15th instalment is, of course, possible, but it will necessitate an increase in the fiduciary note issue, and, although this is merely a book-keeping entry for the Bank of England, it may increase temporarily the world's distrust of sterling, unless the Government announces at the same time that it intends to link sterling in future to an index of commodity prices and not to gold. To make payments on a vast scale in dollars has also become impossible, seeing that we do not sell sufficient goods or services to give us claims on dollars or on other foreign currencies which can be exchanged for dollars. Has the American public ever been told of a debit balance on international account? An estimate recently compiled in the *Financial News* of the British balance of overseas payments gave the following result for 1932 as compared with 1931:

(In million £'s.)

	1931.	1932.
	£	£
Visible Trade (Excess of Imports)	−376*	−330
Excess of Government receipts from Overseas ...	+ 16	—
Net shipping income	+ 80	+ 65
Net income from overseas investments	+165	+140
Net receipts from interest and commissions ...	+ 30	+ 25
Net receipts from other sources	+ 10	+ 10
Total debit	− 75	− 90

* Allowing for net export of £35 millions gold.

This table does not, of course, tell the full sterling story for movements of capital are not included, but how can we acquire dollars to the amount of £29 millions (the December 15th payment at the present rate of exchange) if we have a debit balance of £90 millions in our trading account with the world? To borrow on short or long term for the purpose of payment would be disastrous. To ship gold, is, I repeat, a practicable proposition but dangerous. A slump in sterling means a fresh slump in (gold) commodity prices. The American farmer must learn that to weaken sterling is to weaken the price of his wheat and cotton. Ought we to jeopardise the trade of the world, and hold up world economic reconstruction indefinitely, by subjecting sterling to an unreasonable strain at the bidding of ignorant American politicians?

* * *

It is a pity that Wall Street bankers and stockbrokers are on the side of Great Britain in this debts discussion, for the heart of America is against Wall Street and suspicious of any cause that it champions. If the bankers want America to forgive war debts, it is because they are scared about their own commercial loans. So the accusation runs. There may be some truth in the charge as regards the bankers who made huge loans to Germany, but the average American finance house is waking up to the requirements of international trade. To quote from the November circular of "the oldest house in America specialising in Government securities": "Our (American) tariff laid the foundation for trade stagnation which in turn made debt payment impossible other than with goods. . . . All debts are liquidated by trade. . . . We Americans are suffering the consequences of our puerile policies. We are destined radically to revise or cancel debts which we might otherwise have collected." The circular goes on to quote, with telling effect, from a Note of the U.S. Secretary of State (later President Jefferson) to the British Minister in 1792. This was a time when British tariffs and prohibitions were excluding goods of a country from which it was demanding debt payments. The American Note ran: "To the necessities for some delay in the payment of debts may be added the British commercial regulations, lessening our means of payment. . . . If these means are taken away by the creditor himself he ought not in conscience to complain of a mere retardation of his debt which is the effect of his own act." With this historical parallel it should not be difficult to write our Note.

* * *

The market in Anglo-Persian Oil Company shares had to meet two unpleasant announcements in one day (Tuesday) of this week—the first by the Persian Government to the effect that it had annulled its concession and the second by the directors that the interim dividend had been passed, as in 1931. Seeing that American oil prices are reactionary and that all oil shares are over-valued on a dividend yield basis a much more severe slump might have been expected than a fall of 8s. in Anglo-Persian Oil ordinary shares to 38s. That the position of the Anglo-Persian Oil is serious is not to be denied. I have always maintained that investors in this Company's securities valued too lightly the political risks involved. The British Government holds 7½ million out of 13,425,000 ordinary shares, but the Company must not be too confident that we shall go to war with Persia because of an attack made on an oil concession in which the Treasury and the Admiralty, for their sins, are interested. The Persians have been nursing several grievances. The first has to do not with oil but with sterling. The Persian Government had been holding sterling balances in London of some £4 millions as a currency reserve. The heavy loss on these sterling balances following the departure of Great Britain from the gold standard has greatly annoyed the Shah, particularly as he has private sterling investments. Secondly, the Company has been developing the Naft Khana field on the borders of Iraq and Persia—in Iraq, not in Persia where the Shah himself had bought up the titles to the oil lands. Thirdly, the Persian Government has been balancing its budget on royalties payable by the Anglo-Persian which have not been forthcoming. The royalty is said to be 16 per cent. of net profits, but net profits have a habit of shrinking when oil prices fall and the Company deliberately restricts production in line with an international conservation movement. In its 1931 profit and loss account the Company showed a royalty payment of only £134,750 against payments of over £1 million in each of the two previous years. What the Persian Government wants is what the Iraq Government has secured from the Iraq Petroleum Company—a fixed minimum royalty with a percentage of the sale price (not of net profits) and payable, if possible, on a gold basis. To secure for itself better terms the Shah's Government begins by "annulling" the D'Arcy concession, which was granted in 1901 for sixty years, adding that it is willing to enter into negotiations for a fresh concession. The Company has replied that as there is no provision in the D'Arcy concession for unilateral cancellation, it cannot accept the notification of annulment. I have no doubt that a compromise will be arrived at before the British Government threatens to send marines to protect the Abadan refinery and the fields which are 150 miles inland. If the Company had to pay the 12½ per cent. royalty common in America, it would mean a payment of nearly £1½ millions on last year's production of 5¾ million tons, valuing the oil at 40s. per ton. The Persian fields are the cheapest producers of crude oil in the world, and there is no suggestion that the Company cannot afford the payment of a higher royalty. But oil concessions are concessions, not war debts.

PUBLISHED BY PITMAN'S

A MAIN CAUSE OF UNEMPLOYMENT

By P. C. LOFTUS. A straightforward and skilfully founded criticism, in which a forceful attempt is made to show that the large scale exportation of British capital must be stopped before British industry and agriculture can regain permanent stability. Second edition. 92 pp. 2/- net. (By post 2/3.)

Order from a bookseller or

SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, LTD., PARKER STREET, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

Before you give —

A word or two to guide your generosity this Christmas

It is ironic that when conditions make it difficult for us to give liberally the need of our help is greatest. Just now the most deserving organisations are having a great struggle, in many cases a desperate one, to maintain their most vital work. Between now and Christmas this paper will contain a number of appeals accompanied by a few notes upon the organisations concerned.

N.S.P.C.C.

The voluntary social workers among the readers of this journal, and there must be many, will know that unfortunately cruelty to children cannot yet be counted a thing of the past. The reports of the N.S.P.C.C. prove that the need for such a Society is as vital as ever. Briefly, the aim of the N.S.P.C.C. is "to ensure an endurable life to every child in the land," and during its forty-eight years much has been accomplished. The lives of over FOUR MILLION CHILDREN have been made brighter and happier. Often this cruelty is wilful, but there is also much misery caused to defenceless childhood by mere callous neglect and indifference, whilst ignorance, poverty and drink are other contributory causes. Whatever the cause, the N.S.P.C.C. has well-tried methods for combating it, only proceeding to invoke the law when all other means fail. The aim of its 260 "Children's Men" is to win the confidence of parents or guardians and arouse the latent sense of parental responsibility—education as opposed to persecution.

The National character of the work is reflected in valuable contributions to the legislation of this country, including the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Acts of 1889, 1894 and 1904. The Society is most economically administered.

THE ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE

It is well that we do not preserve to-day every institution that was thought to be admirable when George II was king. This particular orphanage has, however, justified its continuance through 174 years by constantly adapting itself to the needs of the day. It began in Hoxton, then a pleasant village, in 1758. To-day it has within its well-equipped premises, at Haverstock Hill, 370 boys and girls, aged from infancy to fifteen years. It was founded by a group of kind-hearted City men, whose kindness of heart, however, seems to present-day minds to have faltered when they gave it the name of "The Orphan Working School." Under the name of "The Alexandra Orphanage" the institution nowadays shows no trace of the forms of oppression to which "charity children" used to be submitted, but aims with some success at developing, by home-training, broad education and out-door games and other exercises, a happy and healthy life, and character marked by self-reliance and intelligence. It retains a close and friendly association with its old girls and boys. There is, unfortunately, always a waiting list of orphaned and needy children. The care of the 370 boys and girls costs some £18,000 a year, which is derived mainly from donations. Lord Marshall, of Chipstead, has been the honorary treasurer of the orphanage for the past 35 years.

"FOR WHAT WE ARE ABOUT TO RECEIVE

may we be truly thankful and mindful of the wants of others"

When you are gathered round your table for dinner on Christmas Day will you please remember the 370 fatherless boys and girls in the Alexandra Orphanage at Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill, N.W., and give an opportunity for all present to contribute a small Christmas donation towards the funds? These boys and girls will be having their Christmas dinner and a happy time to follow; but it is only made possible by the gifts of others more fortunately placed who will share their good things with these boys and girls. Your donation should be addressed to the Treasurer, The Rt. Hon. Lord Marshall of Chipstead, P.C., K.C.V.O., at the Offices of the

ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE

34-40, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

Broken Toys

A doll is broken, and happiness gives place to tears . . . . so sensitive is the child mind.

An incident which you dismiss with a smile is a tragedy through infant eyes. Who, then, can imagine the intense misery and suffering of a child exposed to wrongs which move even adults to horror and revulsion?

THE

N·S·P·C·C

is doing all in its power to protect little children from cruelty and neglect at the hands of vicious or ignorant parents and guardians. The extent of its help depends upon public support.

Will you kindly include The N.S.P.C.C. in your Christmas Gifts list?

PLEASE SEND to Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Hon. Treas., or William J. Elliott, Director, National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

Chairman: THE VISCOUNT ULLSWATER, G.C.B.

IN A NUTSHELL

—*The C.A. Christmas Problem*

"Be it ever so humble there is no place like home." This is especially true at Christmastide, and the C.A. is concentrating on giving its immense family of deserving poor a happy Christmas in their own homes.

PARCELS OF GOOD FARE

will be distributed to those in genuine need. Each parcel costs 10/-, but the retail value is nearly 14/-.

£5 *Makes TEN families happy.* **10/-** *Gives happiness to one family.*

Will YOU help by sending now to Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston St., London, W.1.

The

CHURCH ARMY

THE charge for Classified Advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reductions for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advt. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2. (Hol. 3217.)

SCHOLARSHIPS

UPLANDS SCHOOL, ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA. An open Scholarship of £50 a year and two Exhibitions are offered to girls under 15 on September 21st, 1933. Examination, February 21st to 23rd. Apply to the HEADMISTRESS. Last day of entry, January 31st.

SANDECOTES SCHOOL, PARKSTONE, DORSET. An open Scholarship of £50 per annum is offered to girls over 10 and under 13 on July 31st, 1933. Examination, February 21st to 23rd. Apply to the HEADMISTRESS. Last day of entry, January 31st.

BEDGEBURY PARK, GOUDHURST, KENT. Two open Scholarships, £100 and £80 per annum, are offered to girls under 13 on March 31st, 1933. Examination, February 21st to 23rd. Apply to the HEADMISTRESS. Last day of entry, January 31st.

SCHOOLS

BRYANSTON SCHOOL, BLANDFORD, DORSET. In addition to the THREE ANNUAL SCHOLARSHIPS of £100, £80 and £60, TWELVE BURSARIES of £70 are offered (tenable for four years). The examination and interview will be held at Bryanston on May 29th and 30th, 1933. Candidates must be under 14 on May 29th. The Bursaries are offered to boys, of general ability and promise, who do not reach scholarship standard.

Bryanston is a modern public boarding school of 200 boys, which combines the best of the new educational ideals with the best of the old public school tradition.

The school fees are £168 p.a. *including* essential extras. Particulars from the HEADMASTER.

PINEWOOD, Crowborough, Sussex. On borders of Ashdown Forest. Progressive home school for boys and girls. Individual education. Apply PRINCIPALS.

WENSLEY House, Woodford Green, Essex. Home School near London. Children from two. Montessori Class for little ones.

KING ARTHUR'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.—Apply Miss WALKERDINE, B.A., Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (Recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education at moderate fees for boys and girls to 19 years in an open air atmosphere where health of body and mind is regarded as the necessary foundation for education. Headmaster:—H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* Miss CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of the School is to develop the character, intellect and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music or Art. Fees, inclusive of Elocution, Dancing, Cookery, 200 guineas a year. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea-level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

BEDALES, Petersfield, Hants. The pioneer Co-educational Public School (founded 1893). Separate Junior House. For particulars of Scholarships offered apply to the Headmaster, J. H. BADLEY, M.A. Camb.

CHARLTON MARSHALL HOUSE (Nr.) Blandford, Dorset. Progressive preparatory school for boys. Beautiful grounds of 45 acres. Outdoor life. Boys with parents abroad specially cared for. Froebel certificated mistress for juniors. Reduced fees. Headmasters: R. A. L. Everett, M.A. Hons. Nat. Sci. Camb. (Jesus), H. E. Wood, B.A. Hons. Class. Camb. (King's).

BADMINTON SCHOOL (Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol), A PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

Visitor: The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D. *President of the Board of Governors:* Gilbert Murray, Esq., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A. *Vice-Presidents:* Ernest Barker, Esq., Litt.D., D.Litt., Hon. LL.D.; Miss E. H. Major, C.B.E., M.A. *Chairman:* J. Odery Symes, Esq., M.D. *Head Mistress:* Miss B. M. Baker, B.A.

BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply Mrs. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

BEACON Hill School, Harting, Petersfield. Founded by Bertrand and Dora Russell. Co-educational. Applies modern knowledge to diet, teaching methods and psychology. Address inquiries DORA RUSSELL.

DR. WILLIAMS' SCHOOL, DOLGELLEY, NORTH WALES.
RECOGNISED BY BOARD OF EDUCATION.
HEADMISTRESS:
Miss E. CONSTANCE NIGHTINGALE, M.A.
Endowed School. Inclusive fee for Board, Tuition and Books, 66 Guineas per year. Individual attention. Special attention to health and diet. Three leaving Scholarships tenable any University.

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT, LANE END, BUCKS. Boarding School for Girls (ages 4–18) in lovely part of Chiltern Hills, 61 acres, 550ft. above sea level. Sound education on free, individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects, including art, crafts, music, dancing, eurhythmics. Aims at developing harmonised cultured personalities with a wide outlook on life and a high ideal of social usefulness. Fees £105–£165 per annum. Bursaries granted in suitable cases.

TRAINING CENTRES

THE EDINBURGH COLLEGE OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE
(With which is incorporated the Edinburgh School of Cookery and Domestic Economy),
ATHOLL CRESCENT,
3 ROTHESAY TERRACE, and 11 WALKER STREET.

Fifty-eighth Session 1932–33.
NEXT TERM BEGINS 10th JANUARY, 1933.

1. The following Courses of Training may be taken:—
Training for Teachers of Cookery, Laundry Work and Housewifery.
Training for Teachers of Needlework, Dressmaking and Millinery.
Teacher's Certificate in Handicrafts.
Housekeeper's (Institutional Management) Course.
Housewife's (Household Management) Course.
Certificate Courses in Cookery.
"Cordon Bleu" Certificate Course.
Certificate Courses in Dressmaking, Needlework, Millinery and Upholstery.
Certificate Course in Laundry Work.
Training for "Princess Louise" Nurses for Children.
Non-Certificate Home Training Course.
The short Non-Certificate Home Training Course is intended for girls who have just left school and who do not wish to work for a professional diploma.
Students are received for any number of selected lessons in Cookery, Needlework, Dressmaking, Millinery, Home Upholstery, Household Repairs, Leather Work, Basket Work, and courses of Hygiene, Sick-Nursing, etc.

2. The College is a Central Institution recognised by the Scottish Education Department.

3. A Hostel for 90 residents forms part of the College buildings in Atholl Crescent, and another for 58 is within five minutes' walk, at No. 3 Rothesay Terrace.

4. There is a large Games Field of eight acres, with tennis courts and hockey grounds, at Murrayfield Park for the use of students.

Terms begin in January, April and September.

Prospectus on application to the PRINCIPAL, 5 Atholl Crescent, Edinburgh.

F. O., CONSULAR, HOME CIVIL, I.C.S.
Of the 59 vacancies announced, 31 have been offered to different candidates who studied at
DAVIES'S
5 Sussex Place, W.2. Padd. 3351/2.
VACATION COURSE FROM DECEMBER 14th-20th.

THE SCHOOL, DARTINGTON HALL, TOTNES, SOUTH DEVON. A department for the training of teachers in Nursery School, Kindergarten, and Junior School methods was opened in September. Special attention is paid to the contributions of the newer schools of psychology and to the utilisation for education of rural life and industries. There will also be short courses for parents, school matrons, and others interested. Further particulars on application.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal, Miss STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years, and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fees £165 per annum. For prospectus, apply SECRETARY.

THE BEDFORD TRAINING COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Recognised by the Board of Education. Principal: Miss MARGARET SPENCE. Students are prepared for the examinations of the National Froebel Union. The course of training is for 3 years. Fees with residence £94 10s. to £100 16s. Fees without residence £31 10s. —For particulars apply SECRETARY.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

WOMAN (27), 3 years Sec.-Director Prov. Co., seeks interesting work, London. Serious reader and thinker with progressive ideas and organising ability. Wide exp. sales and staff control. Box 258, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

ENERGETIC GIRL of 24, Oxford honours History—Economics, trained and experienced secretary, three languages, widely travelled, experienced in research, organising, public speaking, international work, seeks SECRETARYSHIP. Free New Year. Go anywhere. Minimum £200. Apply Box 265, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TYPEWRITING

REPORTING SHORTHAND DUPLICATING. Technical MSS. and Plays a Speciality. Verbatim or condensed reporting. Temporary Shorthand-Typists provided.—METROPOLITAN TYPING AND REPORTING OFFICE, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.
Tel.: Holborn 6182.

AUTHORS' MSS, PLAYS, etc., accurately and promptly typed by experienced typist.—Mrs. BROOKER, 37 Belmont Road, St. Andrew's Park, Bristol.

DUPLICATING AND TYPEWRITING, ETC.
Authors' MSS. and Plays promptly executed.
ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked.
Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent.
PROMPT SERVICE BUREAU, LIMITED.
6 Conduit Street, W.1. (Mayfair 3163/4.)

INTELLIGENT TYPING OF YOUR MSS. Duplicating. Translations.—"N." EFFICIENCY SERVICE, 275, High Holborn, W.C. Holborn 0158.

LITERARY

LEARN to write Articles and Stories; make spare hours profitable. Booklet free.—REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 191), 9 Palace Gate, W.8.

WRITING PAYS IF ——! Contributor to 50 papers teaches the one sound method. Personal.—BM/TYPE, W.C.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, December 4th, at 11 a.m.
JOHN MURPHY,
ECONOMIC REVIVAL BY NATIONAL ACTION.

PUBLIC LUNCH

THIRTY-TWO CLUB PUBLIC LUNCHES.—Wednesday, December 7th, at 1.15 p.m., Northumberland Rooms, Trafalgar Square. Guest: The Rt. Hon. LORD MELCHETT. Tickets (Non-members) 3s. 6d. Apply Hon. Sec., 6, Phene Street, Chelsea, S.W.3.

TRAVEL, HOTELS, &c.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Comfort, refinement. Bedroom and Breakfast 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet "London Old and New" on application.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1, St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. 6d. day, or 30s. weekly. With dinner 6s. 6d., or 2 guineas weekly.

TORQUAY. Howden Court Private Hotel. Quiet but central situation. Overlooking sea. South aspect. Sun room and secluded garden. H. and C. water in bedrooms. A.A. appointed. Telephone 2807.

BOURNEMOUTH'S FOOD REFORM GUEST HOUSE, Loughtonhurst, West Cliff Gdns. Everything for a restful and happy holiday. From 49s. to 70s. P.W. Write to Manager for Prospectus.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Walsall House Private Hotel, West Cliff. Excellent cuisine and service, quiet situation, Sea 3 minutes. 'Phone 1926.—Miss L. STANLEY.

EASTBOURNE, Stanley House Private Hotel, Howard Square. Central and quiet position, near Band Stand and Devonshire Park. Excellent cuisine and service. 'Phone 1364.—The Misses M. and V. STANLEY.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Warm, sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Central heating, log fires. H. and c. water all bedrooms. Telephone 126.

BRIGHTON. "Sea View," Victoria Road. Plenty of fruit, plenty of books. Home-made bread. Mid-day dinner. Vegetarians also catered for. Gas fires in bedrooms. 'Phone: 1702. Hostess: Miss TURNER.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

WORTHING (Salvington). Charming, freehold, det. House, on slope of downs, commanding view of Sea (3 miles). Architect designed and supervised; traditional cottage style. Brick fireplaces, beams. Spacious sitt. rm., dining lounge, 3 beds, kit., bath, 2 w.c.'s. Brick garage. 120-ft. frontage. £1,275. More land may be had. A. C., 86 Westbourne Park Road, W.2 (Bayswater 2692).

HAMPSTEAD. Small, sunny room, unfurnished, 12s.; another, furnished, 12s. 6d. Also Xmas, 3 weeks, large double room, 25s. 22, Belsize Avenue. Prim. 1043.

REGENT'S PARK. Comfortable home; partial board; single 28s., double 32s. 6d. each. 217 Albany Street, N.W.1. Museum 4335.

16 GORDON STREET, W.C.1. Unfurnished flatlet; residential or professional; cent. heat., etc.

MISCELLANEOUS

DIGESTIVE TROUBLES. Substitute ordinary food for a while by "Allenbury's" Diet. Send 3d. stamps for ½ lb. trial sample. ALLEN AND HANBURY'S, LTD. (Dept. NS.2), 37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

ARTIFICIAL SUN CENTRES (West End), German lines. Indoor clublike facilities physical exercises games. Unique Sunday Discussion Forum. Resist coming cold sunless winter. Write Sec., Box 143, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

"WHY I Became a Unitarian." Booklets, free.—Miss BARMBY, Mount Pleasant, Sidmouth.

REAL HARRIS HOMESPUNS.—Any length cut. Patterns free on stating shades desired.—JAMES STREET TWEED DEPOT, 104 Stornoway, N.B.

PULLOVERS, CARDIGANS, direct from the Shetlands. All kinds of Woollies hand-knitted for you personally by expert native knitters, from the lovely real Shetland wool. Nothing else is so soft so light, so comfortable. The newest, most fashionable styles, plain, or in the famous "Fair-Isle" patterns. At Shetland prices, far less than shop prices. Wool prices are rising considerably, so order now before prices of knitted Woollies rise. Write for Free Illustrated Booklet: Wm. D. Johnson, S.T.143, Mid-Yell, Shetlands.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

XMAS and New Year Present from the Golden East. We will forward with your greetings a rare China Tea, 6s. per lb. or delicate Darjeeling Pekoe blend, 4s. 6d. per lb. in beautiful art tins. Place your instructions in time direct with EASTERN IMPORTS, LTD., 141 Moorgate, London, E.C.2.

DOROTHY CARTER'S well-known jams and jellies for Xmas gifts in MINIATURE CASES 6" × 4", 6 varieties, 3s. 6d. incl. postage. DOROTHY CARTER, Iden, Rye, Sussex.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH.	FIFTY-FIFTY.	Wed. & Fri.
DRURY LANE.	WILD VIOLETS.	Wed. & Sat.
DUCHESS.	CHILDREN IN UNIFORM.	Wed., Sat.
GLOBE.	FOR SERVICES RENDERED.	Wed., Sat.
PALACE.	GRAND HOTEL.	Daily.
QUEEN'S.	EVENSONG.	Wed., Sat.
ST. JAMES'.	BEHOLD, WE LIVE.	Wed., Sat.
S. MARTIN'S.	STRANGE ORCHESTRA.	Tu., F., S.

BALLET

ADELPHI.

Sunday next at 8.30 for members only.

PUBLIC PERFORMANCE:
Monday, Dec. 5, at 2.30.

CAMARGO BALLET

EVE. ANTON DOLIN.
HEDLEY BRIGGS. WENDY TOYE.
PRUDENCE HYMAN.
STANLEY JUDSON.

Ballets:

LES SYLPHIDES.
INFANTA'S BIRTHDAY,
by Elizabeth Lutyens.
ADAM AND EVE, by Constant Lambert.
A WILLOW, by Frank Bridge.

All details from:
Miss J. M. HARVEY,
56 Manchester Street, W.1. Welbeck 2171.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. Temple Bar 6404.
Evgs. 8.15. Mats., Wed. and Fri. 2.30
RALPH LYNN in
FIFTY-FIFTY.

THEATRES—continued

COLISEUM. Charing Cross. Tem. Bar 3161.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.15
Sir Oswald Stoll presents
Erik Charell's
CASANOVA.

CROYDON REPERTORY. Fairfield 4529.
Dec. 5 for one week at 8 p.m. (Sat. 5 p.m. & 8.15 p.m.).
PRIVATE LIVES.
By NOEL COWARD.
All seats bookable—1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

DRURY LANE. Evgs. 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
HASSARD SHORT'S production of
WILD VIOLETS.
A Musical Comedy Operetta. Tem. 7171.

DUCHESS, Aldwych, W.C.2. Evenings, 8.30.
Wed., Sat. at 2.30. Extra Mats., Dec. 26 & 27.
CHILDREN IN UNIFORM.
Adapted from *MADCHEN IN UNIFORM.*

GLOBE. Gerrard 8724.
Evenings 8.40. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
FOR SERVICES RENDERED
by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE.
LOUISE HAMPTON. C. V. FRANCE.

QUEEN'S. Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Sat., & Dec. 26, 2.30.
EVENSONG.
By Edward Knoblock and Beverley Nichols.
EDITH EVANS.
VIOLET VANBRUGH. WILFRID LAWSON.

ST. JAMES'. Whitehall 3903.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
BEHOLD, WE LIVE. By John Van Druten.
GERALD du MAURIER. GERTRUDE LAWRENCE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443 & 1444.
Nightly 8.30. Mats., Tues., Fri. & Sat. at 2.30.
STRANGE ORCHESTRA.
JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON. LAURA COWIE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY, Oxford St. (Opp. Warings). Ger. 2981
Second Week,
The gay German romance,
BARBARINA.
Also Bernard Shaw's *How He Lied To Her Husband.*

EMPIRE, Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
CLARK GABLE, JEAN HARLOW
The Prince and Princess of Reckless Romance in
RED DUST.

PALACE. Daily 2.30 & 8.30 Sun., 6 & 8.30.
GRAND HOTEL,
Greta GARBO, John BARRYMORE, Joan CRAWFORD,
Wallace BEERY, Lionel BARRYMORE.
Extra Perf. SAT., 6 p.m. LAST WEEK.

ART GALLERIES

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS
ROYAL INSTITUTE GALLERIES, 195, Piccadilly, W.1. Daily, 10-5. Admission 1s.

LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10-6 daily.
(1) PETER ARNO—100 Drawings.
(2) KAPP—Portrait Drawings and Lithographs.
(3) ETHELBERT WHITE—Paintings and Water-Colours.

RESTAURANT

"RULES," Maiden Lane. "A BIT OF OLD LONDON." Lunch, Dinner and Late Supper. Licensed till Midnight.

GRAMOPHONES

GRAMOPHONES AND RECORDS EXCHANGED.

YOUR old gramophone or radio taken in part exchange for a new gramophone, radio-gramophone or radio—Many bargains in reconditioned instruments and radio sets, list free—Full stocks of all best records including H.M.V. Connoisseur's Catalogue and our special list of Foreign Recordings—Your unwanted records taken in part payment for new—Also 5,000 fibre-played records of classical music, including many complete works, for sale or exchange at bargain prices—Gramophones and records purchased for cash—THE GRAMOPHONE EXCHANGE, LTD., 121 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2—Four doors east of Cambridge Circus. Tel. Temple Bar 3007.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

December, 1932. **CONTENTS.** 3/6

AFTER THE LYTTON REPORT — By WICKHAM STEED
THE SECOND ROOSEVELT — By S. K. RATCLIFFE
THE OTTAWA DEBATES — By WILLIAM MABANE, M.P.
THE FINANCIAL AND ECONOMIC DIFFICULTIES OF FRANCE — By W. L. MIDDLETON
WAR LEGENDS: — By COUNT SFORZA
I. ITALY AND THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE
II. THE ROMAN CHURCH AND THE ENTENTE
SOME PRESENT-DAY MOVEMENTS IN RELIGION — By the Rev. W. B. SELBIE, D.D.
THE RELATION OF HISTORY TO POLITICS — By Professor F. J. C. HEARNSHAW, LL.D.
GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS — By G. P. GOOCH, D.Litt., F.B.A
THE DEBT OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE TO MEDICAL RESEARCH — By Lt.-Col. Sir FRANCIS FREMANTLE, O.B.E., M.P.
GERHART HAUPTMANN — By Dr. AUGUST CLOSS
LORRY-JUMPING IN PERSIA — By Capt. C. R. B. PLAYFORD
FOREIGN AFFAIRS — By GEORGE GLASGOW.
THE CHANCE FOR DIPOLMACY; THE DEBTS; DISARMAMENT; THE SINO-JAPANESE PROBLEM AND THE LYTTON REPORT.
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT AND REVIEWS OF BOOKS

PUBLISHING OFFICE, 19, CURSITOR STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

***FREE* to all Users of Words**

An extensive list of words which show you how to make your conversation, letters, articles and any work with words more brilliant and effective, more inspiring, more penetrative. It is sent absolutely FREE to introduce quickly Hartrampf's Vocabularies which discriminating people the world over say is the greatest literary invention since the alphabet. Send for the list at once, without obligation.

PSYCHOLOGY PUBLISHING CO.,
(Dept. 3), 11, TODD STREET, MANCHESTER.

A CONFERENCE
at the
Livingstone Hall, Westminster, S.W.1,
on Friday, 9th December, at 3.30 & 6 p.m.,
on
THE WORLD ECONOMIC SITUATION
FAR EAST AND DISARMAMENT.
Speakers: Rt. Hon. LORD CECIL; Rt. Hon. Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, M.P.; Sir ARTHUR SALTER; G. D. H. COLE; Dr. G. P. GOOCH.
Tickets 1/- from the National Peace Council, 39, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1

CADBURYS CUP CHOCOLATE
Now ½ lb. 9½d. 1 lb. 1/6